

The Nation

VOL. XXV., No. 10.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	281	COMMUNICATIONS:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		A Menace to Religious	
The Austrian Treaty ...	284	Liberty. By H. F. W. ...	295
New Hope for India ...	285	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
THE CATASTROPHE OF PARIS ...	286	Kamel Awad, Edward	
A LONDON DIARY. By Care-		Sharpey Schafer, Lucian,	
taker ...	288	Henry T. Hodgkin, A.	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Ruth Fry, and F. S.	
On Wiping Out Berlin ...	290	Arnold ...	296
"The Cannibal Islands" ...	290	POETRY:—	
SHORT STUDIES:—		To a Lamp in Wapping ...	297
Infinites. By W. N. P.		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
Barbellion ...	292	S. H. ...	298
THE DRAMA:—		REVIEWS:—	
The Art Theatre. By Gil-		A Bad Poet and His	
bert Cannan ...	293	Friends ...	299
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		A Pioneer ...	300
New Powers and Old		Another Comforter ...	302
Frontiers. By Bertrand		Poets of War and Peace ...	304
Russell ...	293	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
		Lucellum ...	306

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

It is becoming evident that some important members of the Conference are showing anxiety over their handiwork, and find not a few of the German objections unanswerable. These differences, it is reported from Paris, concern the question of Silesia, the left bank of the Rhine, and the indemnity to be paid. France, it is said, opposes any concessions; and the French financial and industrial situation is sufficiently grave to drive to desperation those of her politicals who have assured the French public during the last years of the war that "Germany would pay for all."

THOUGH the presentation of an incomplete version of a Peace Treaty to the Austrian delegation at St. Germain is, this week, the chief item in the news from Paris, the decisive event is the drafting of the answer to Germany's counter-proposals. The British Government at least has evidently given them serious consideration, for a meeting of the chief members of the Cabinet was held in Paris. It is the general belief that Mr. Lloyd George is inclined to make concessions, while the Parisian Press and some American correspondents describe President Wilson as the chief opponent of any real modification of the original terms. Such rumors must be received with caution, but it is the fact that Mr. Wilson stood for even harder terms in the Danzig question than those finally adopted. The American financial advisers, on the other hand, are recommending terms which closely approach the German offer in the matter of the indemnity. Several correspondents think that a concession may be made to the Germans in regard to Upper Silesia, which is undoubtedly a matter of the first importance, but it is very doubtful whether any German Government dare consent to the annexation of the West Prussian "corridor" by Poland. From Berlin there is little direct news, but we imagine that it is still true that the present Government as a whole will not sign the Treaty, even under protest, unless there are changes which can be represented as substantial.

THE Austrian Treaty is a fragment, and the omissions from it testify to the difficulties which the Allies still find in attaining unity. The territorial clauses are incomplete, firstly because of the still unsettled conflict with Italy, and, secondly, because the South Slavs are dissatisfied with the proposed frontier in the Klagenfurt district. The chapter relating to indemnities is entirely omitted, apparently because the Slav States formed from the late Dual Monarchy objected to bearing any part either of the war costs or of the charges for reparation. The governing clause of the Austrian settlement is really to be found in the German Treaty, which contained a section prohibiting the union of German Austria with Germany save with the assent of the League of Nations, which in effect means that any Power, e.g. France, on its Council may veto the will of the Austrian population. There is no trace in the Treaty of the policy attributed to France, of compensating Austria in other ways for this veto on her desire for Union. The territorial clauses leave the German border districts of Bohemia and Moravia within the Tchecho-Slovak State, and accept the frontier of the Secret Treaty, which annexes to Italy not merely the Trentino but also the purely German South Tyrol. Austria, reduced to a tiny State of six millions, is thus required to sign away to foreign rule four millions of her former German population

THE economic clauses of the Treaty are with a few verbal changes identical with those of the German Treaty. There is the same one-sided requirement that Allied trade shall receive most favored treatment in all matters of tariffs, railway rates and the like, and the same absence of any hint of reciprocity. This means that in negotiating tariffs with the neighboring Tchech and South Slav States, Austria must grant but has no assurance of receiving favorable treatment, and will be unable to use retaliation in the effort to make a bargain. A vague phrase assures her of the right to use her former Adriatic ports, but the summary contains no details. Apparently while the Tchechs may lease land in German ports, no similar right is given to Austria in Trieste. Perhaps the strangest inequality is that which excludes Austria from any place on the Danube Commission, and places its trade under the exclusive control of Britain, France, Italy, and Roumania. A stringent clause defines the rights of non-German minorities within Austria (their numbers are now nearly negligible), and requires her generally "to bring her institutions into conformity with the principles of liberty and justice." That seems to open the door to indefinite interference in her internal affairs, and may, perhaps, be read as a provision which will enable the Allies to take action in future if Austria should show communist tendencies.

AN obscure attempt has been made this week to proclaim a "Rhenish Republic" under cover of the French occupation in the territories of the Left Bank. Certain workmen's committees, which remain, however, anonymous, are said to be behind the attempt, and a Dr. Dorten signed the proclamations which were posted up in Wiesbaden. Though the French authorities gave

some countenance to this curious move, they have not given any effective aid to the conspirators, whose placards were at once torn down. Not a single German newspaper of the Left Bank supports the "Republic," and it has as yet neither existence nor the prospect of existence. The only interest of this curious affair lay in the comments of the Parisian Press, which treated the news seriously, and betrayed the still living hope of French Nationalism that sooner or later, during the fifteen years occupation, the Left Bank can be permanently detached from Germany. The "Journal" remarks that France during the occupation must "profit by the immense resources of the Rhine provinces," while the "Petit Journal" declares that in these provinces "there are fortunes to be made by French manufacturers and merchants." The necessary condition is, however, that the provinces come within the French customs frontier. The Treaty provides for this, at the will of the Allies. The "Herald's" Paris correspondent states that American troops at Coblenz broke up a workers' meeting called to protest against any separatist Republic.

ADMIRAL KOLTCHAK is in no hurry to accept the conditions which the Allies have laid down for his recognition. There is even some reason to believe that he does not intend to accept them. He is said to be unwilling to pledge himself to call a Constituent Assembly based on universal suffrage, for there is little doubt that if honest and free elections were held, the result would not be welcome to his faction. Colonel Wedgwood has brought forward a curious bit of evidence which confirms the general suspicion that Koltchak aims at the restoration of the dynasty. His agent in England, General Ermoloff, has sent a circular to Russian officers in England inviting them to send in their names for presentation to the Empress. The wording of the circular implied at the least that the Empress retains her former status. Meanwhile the news from Moscow declares that Koltchak's forces are in full retreat, even, it is said, disorderly retreat, and some mystery is at work round Petrograd to explain the inaction of the forces which seemed on the point of taking it. A hot dispute between the Finns and the Russian counter-revolution may partly account for it. The fact is, however, we believe, that the more the Allies commit themselves to Koltchak, the more will the Russians rally against the combination of foreign interference and native reaction. Good observers report that the only internal danger to Bolshevism comes not from the Moderates but from the Extreme Left, which regards Lenin as much too pacific and much too moderate.

THE incident of the renewal of the Polish war on the Ukrainians in Galicia is among the most significant things which have happened since the armistice. The supreme Four ordered the Poles to desist from attacks on the Ukrainians, and evidently the intention is to assign Eastern Galicia, undoubtedly an Ukrainian region, to the race to which it properly belongs. M. Paderewski left Paris with the intention of obeying this order. He found on arrival in Warsaw that General Haller's army, lately arrived from France, was driving the Ukrainians before it. He resigned his office, but the Diet refused to accept his resignation, and after this comedy, the forbidden campaign went on. The Poles are arresting and interning all Ukrainian priests, and incidentally continuing their anti-Jewish pogroms. The incident illustrates the weakness of any control over Allies, and leads one to doubt whether the League of Nations will be

able to control the smaller Allies, so long as it remains a partial and therefore partisan combination. One result of this Polish-Ukrainian campaign is that the Russian Red Armies, marching down to the rescue of Hungary, have got as far as Czernowitz, and that the gallant resistance of this little Republic against the unprovoked Roumanian attack appears, for the moment at least, to have some prospect of success.

MR. ASQUITH's speech on Tuesday last, forced from him by the charges made against him in Lord French's final chapter of "1914," ends the controversy. The "Times" and the "Daily Mail" continue their old bluff, probably knowing their own readers well enough to judge they will fail to see daylight though the roof is now off. But the "Daily Express" says what most people think: "The next move is up to the soldier, and if he is wise he will disappear." Mr. Asquith read from a letter of Lord Kitchener's, dated two days before the Newcastle speech:—

"MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I have to-day talked with French. He told me I could let you know that the present supply of ammunition will be as much as his troops will be able to use for the next forward movement."

In October, 1914, General Deville, the famous French artilleryman, came to London to advise the Government on the type of gun ammunition most desirable in that stage of the warfare. Our G.H.Q. in France was consulted, and later, on November 6th, requested that in future 50 per cent. of supplies should be of the high-explosive type. A week later, G.H.Q. sent a telegram, requesting that the proportion of high-explosive should be made, not 50, but 25 per cent. Mr. Asquith concluded his speech by quoting from a letter written to him by Lord French from France on May 20th, 1915—three days after the Coalition Ministry was formed. "I am sure in the whole history of war, no General in the Field has ever been helped in a difficult task by the Head of his Government as I have been supported and strengthened by your unfailing sympathy and encouragement."

THE new Funding Loan, from which Mr. Chamberlain took powers this week, is to be issued shortly after Whitsuntide. The need for some such operation is indeed urgent. The floating debt now amounts to 1,036 millions in Treasury Bills, 458 millions in the Ways and Means Account, while 245 millions of Exchequer Bonds mature in the current year, a total of 1,739 millions. In addition to this sum new borrowing to meet this year's deficit is wanted to the tune of 250 millions. It totals up to nearly 2,000 millions. To meet this huge demand there is no doubt a very large amount of money accumulated in the banks, while the suspension of further sales of Treasury Bills and War Bonds will increase the supply. At the same time the Government has now to meet the competition of the tempting prospectuses which are blossoming forth in great profusion. Mr. Chamberlain gave no information as to the terms of the issue, its rate of interest, and the duration of the borrowing, through Sir D. Maclean put in a strong plea against too long a loan and too high a rate. But we fear that Mr. Chamberlain will, like other Chancellors, yield to the temptation to make a favorable market by some highly attractive, and very costly, devices in the way of interest or tax remission.

THE strike movement which opened on a big scale in France on Monday has not surprised those who have been observing industrial tendencies across the Channel since the signing of the armistice. It may be that to

some extent political motives are mixed up with industrial causes, but one of the principal reasons for the discontent is the high cost of living. Profiteering in food has been even more shameless in France than in this country, and the Government has shown no inclination to tackle with a strong hand the powerful interests which are responsible. Consequently the workers are demanding that the application of the eight hours' day law shall be accompanied by higher wages. About 100,000 metal workers and 50,000 miners led the strike on Monday, and on Tuesday they were followed by the underground railway workers, who ask for increased wages of 20 to 30 per cent. and for pensions. Unrest is manifest all over the country. But above improved conditions, the French workers have demanded also that the war against Russia and Hungary must be stopped. At the moment of writing the French Government has not shown its hand. At the same time, transport workers in Italy, finding they were loading munitions for Russia, refused "to prove traitors to their Russian comrades," and struck work.

A WEEK ago the Canadian Labor crisis was intensified by the calling of a general strike in Toronto. The cables, however, imply that the upheaval in that city does not approach the amazing situation at Winnipeg, where the General Strike Committee has held control for three weeks. The Metal Trades Council of Toronto, it is clear, has not been able to evoke the support of the other unions, and a message of June 3rd suggests that it had given up the appeal for sympathetic strikes all round. There is a conflict of opinion as to the attitude of the soldiers towards the strikers; even the war veterans are being accused of unrest. The Dominion Government has taken the obviously impolitic step of appealing to Mr. Samuel Gompers to lend his influence in the fight against the idea of One Big Union which is confessedly sweeping the Labor ranks of Western Canada. Bolshevism, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the solidarity of labor—these make the triple terror as envisaged by Sir Robert Borden's Government and Canadian Big Business. The assumption is general that the explosive element is always to be sought among the unassimilated European workers. But this theory is not borne out by the personnel of the Toronto Strike Committee. Out of fifteen members ten are British-born and four Canadian. One only is Russian.

By a sensational series of bomb outrages at the beginning of the week, a fierce light is thrown upon the submerged mass of American feeling. In at least eight places, spread between Washington and Boston, bombs were thrown, the targets being chiefly federal officers, and in particular, agents of the Department of Justice. All the attempts were unsuccessful. Mr. Mitchell Palmer, the U. S. Attorney-General, had, with his family, an extremely narrow escape. As Custodian of Enemy Alien Properties, Mr. Palmer was entrusted last year with the winding-up of German businesses, and quite recently he entered the Cabinet in succession to Mr. T. W. Gregory, the Attorney-General who organized the comprehensive campaign against radical opinion in every form. Documentary evidence seized would seem to indicate that a small party of extremists are finding excuse for the propaganda of violence in the persecution of opinion, the barbarity of the police, and the ferocity of the sentences imposed by the Courts upon Labor agitators and political prisoners. The American public has become subject, in an extraordinary degree, to the terror of

Bolshevism. The reappearance of the bomb is having the two-fold effect of stimulating the Department of Justice in its inquisitorial policy and driving Congress and the Executive to the harshest possible measures against immigration and suspect aliens.

THE menacing cloud of the police crisis dissolved almost as suddenly as it appeared, and the Home Office and Scotland Yard authorities are talking of "victory." They imagine that as soon as the new scale of pay is promulgated, and improved provident benefits are secured for the men, all unrest will disappear and the police union will completely lose its hold over its members. The facts do not warrant so cheerful an assumption. The union leaders recognized with sense and discretion that although the ballot had decisively given them authority to declare a strike, the eleventh hour concession of the Government in regard to pay substantially modified the situation. Nobody believes that the Government would have shown such eagerness to improve the financial lot of the men but for the activity of the union, and this fact is not likely to weaken the demand for recognition. There is a disposition on the part of many of the members to reconsider the question of discipline in relation to the union, and on these lines an easier advance towards recognition might be made.

THE arguments for the establishment of pithead baths at all collieries were convincingly stated to the Coal Industry Commission by the three miners' wives who gave evidence on housing. Their simple unadorned tale of domestic drudgery provoked the reflection that those who are fated to live under the conditions described must possess an inexhaustible fund of patience to endure passively the continual hardship and discomfort. Colliery owners are apparently repenting their obstructionist attitude in the past, and their failure to institute educational efforts to remove the prejudices of the miners themselves against pithead baths. Incidentally, the inquiry has shown how widespread among the employing class is the view that bathless houses for the workers come within the natural order of things. The women made it perfectly clear that the object of the new propaganda which they are organizing is to secure houses with bathrooms for the family as a whole, in addition to special provision for the men at the pits. They foreshadowed a vigorous revolt against the scullery bath, which is little better than a labor-creating appliance.

THE first great Englishman to call public attention to the implications of aerial warfare was, we believe, the late Alfred Russel Wallace, nearly ten years ago. Mr. John Galsworthy followed, shortly before the war, adding to his protest an agitation in which he sought to enlist the services of his friends in letters and affairs. It has been left to Mr. Galsworthy to point the moral of a current coincidence: the popular acclaim of Hawker and the announcement from America of the invention of Lewisite, a poison so deadly and so admirably compacted that enough of it could be carried to wipe out every trace of life, animal and vegetable, in Berlin, or Paris, or presumably London. Treaties and Leagues of Nations, Mr. Galsworthy asks in a letter to the "Observer": what are such futilities when the laboratory and the aeroplane can wipe out civilization in a week? We are all living in a fools' paradise, for "verily, this exploitation of the air is the devil incarnate—tail, horns, and all."

Politics and Affairs.

THE AUSTRIAN TREATY.

THE statesman's brain, one must suppose, moves slowly, and it enjoys a ruminating pleasure in its sensations. It seems to us, and we imagine that it will seem to the historian, a remarkable psychological fact that six months after the first intoxication of victory, men of the eminence of MM. Clemenceau, Wilson and Lloyd George should have enjoyed the sensation of trampling on the necks of the vanquished Austrians. If the Allies had had before them a stiff-necked Hapsburg, surrounded by the morally poisoned brood of bureaucrats, who started life in a Jesuit seminary and perfected themselves in the bureaux of the secret police, one could have understood the spectacular severity of the scene at St. Germain, and the verbal severity of the Treaty. One may dispute as to how much of the old Germany survives in the Scheide-mann-Erzberger régime. There is no question about Austria. There is not in these ruling circles a single man who would have been received at court in the old days of Empire. One cannot truthfully say even of a relatively conservative and opportunist Socialist like Dr. Renner, that at any point he supported, still less promoted, the war. The "bourgeois" parties in the delegation were represented by the Liberal Dr. Klein and the Catholic Professor Lammasch, both of them as honest and constructive pacifists as one could find in Europe. It is a revolting affectation of exclusive righteousness that our statesmen should refuse to meet these men in conversation, and a pedantic application of historical continuity that they should treat the pacific republican "Austria" of to-day as the guilty heir of the Imperial and Royal Monarchy of 1914. The purge after all has been much more drastic than anything which happened in Berlin. It is not only the innocent but dilettante Emperor Karl who has fled to Switzerland. Down to the relatively pacifist and semi-Liberal Count Czernin, all his counsellors are exiles with him, and the only deadly and fatal charge against a politician in Vienna to-day is that he held office or wore a decoration under the old régime.

We were sceptics, down to the bitter end, as to the wisdom of breaking up the Dual Monarchy. In retrospect we realize that by October, 1918, no other solution was available. A Federal Austria-Hungary was not then possible without the link of the Hapsburg dynasty, and that was hopelessly bankrupt, not merely in Prague and Agram, but even in Vienna and Budapest. The judgment of the Viennese populace on the gentle but ineffective and uneducated Emperor Karl could hardly have been more severe if he had inherited the cold egoism of the typical Hapsburg. When the war went on after the winter of 1916, the Dual Monarchy was doomed. It would be idle to speculate now on the chance that an earlier peace might have saved the economic unity of these territories on a federal basis consistent with racial peace. We were ready to concede that an honest and disinterested application of the national idea might have made a tolerable patchwork of little nations out of the Dual Monarchy. We doubted, however, whether, in the hour of victory, the Allies could or would work out a tolerable settlement on the lines of nationality. The actual Treaty realizes our worst anticipations. To do them justice, the honest apostles of pure nationalism whom we have always respected in spite of sharp differences, were always ready to urge, with Dr. Seton Watson, that if one worked for the union of all the South Slavs, all the Tchechs and

Slovaks (a slightly doubtful combination), all the Italians and all the Roumanians, in single national states, one must also allow the union of all the Germans. This Treaty follows the other method. Here is a cynicism which we find disarming. When we discover that statesmen will not apply their professed principle to a race which is for the moment unpopular, we are at a loss for words to characterize their action. One must have cherished more illusions than we confess to, if one is to feel the requisite surprise. The root of this Treaty lies outside it, and for it one must go to an article which finds no place in either of the discreet summaries supplied to the Allied Press. Germany is required to respect the "independence" of German Austria, and union is vetoed, save with the assent of the League of Nations. That means, as the constitution of the League now stands, that any single Power upon its council, France, or for that matter Greece or Brazil, may forbid the population of Austria to exercise the right of "self-determination." We are aware of the excuse that can be made for this refusal. Not all German Austrians desire this union, and we concede at once that the literally unanimous vote of the old Reichsrat, and the platform unanimity of all parties during the February elections, concealed a measure of furtive dissent. Union was not popular with the big financial and manufacturing interests, nor yet with the old clerical party of the Army, the Court, and the Church. If we are wrong in supposing that these influential dissentients were a minority, and probably a small minority of the whole German-Austrian population, the proper expedient is a referendum. By what means a democrat can justify the refusal to allow Austria to decide for or against union by a free vote it puzzles our wit to guess. This refusal is none the less the backbone of the Treaty.

When once the Supreme Four had made up their minds that for military reasons a deeply pacifist Austria must be detached from a defeated and potentially pacifist Germany, it lay with them as politicians to make its independent position tolerable. The essential step was, of course, to "liberate" the German population of Bohemia and Moravia from the unwelcome rule of the Tchechs. The geographical problem was simple, for most of this German population lives in compact masses on the fringes of the Tchecho-Slovak territory. That would have ended the racial friction. At the same time it would have made German-Austria much more nearly a self-contained economic unit. It would have brought within her frontiers coal mines, and corn lands, and developed industries. Vienna, a city of two millions, has no future as the capital of a little Alpine peasant State of six millions. Add the Germans of Tchecho-Slovakia and the proportion of city and provinces is more normal. The political problem would also have been easier, for these Germans of Bohemia and Moravia are almost to a man of the left wing, either Socialists or Liberals. Vienna would have escaped her present quandary, in which an able, moderate Socialist party must continue to rule by compromising with a backward clerical-peasant conservatism. But we read this Treaty in vain for any sign that its authors are concerned to make existence tolerable for this German fragment to which they deny the right of association with the mass of the German race. The South Tyrol with its solid quarter-of-a-million German population is handed over to Italy. The Danube, the artery of all Austrian trade, is placed under a purely Allied Commission, on which Austria is not represented. While Tchecho-Slovakia is provided with leased areas in German ports, no similar provision seems to be made for Austria in Trieste. Worst of all, her hands are tied in negotiating commercial, railway and

tariff conventions with her Allied neighbors, but she neither enjoys reciprocity, nor can she fight for it by a policy of retaliation. An indemnity is to be placed as an obligation on her starving and ruined population. One might as well saddle Poplar with our war debt.

To sceptics who ask how racial peace or economic reason are to be attained in this Danubian area which has been "Balkanised" by dismemberment, the optimist answers with the magic formula "League of Nations." That is the refuge of official laziness. A League which includes neither Germany nor Austria, and has on its Council not even a neutral like Holland or Sweden who might be regarded as a friend, offers no guarantee for impartiality. This Treaty was drawn by men who may have started with some intention to be fair. They lived for six months surrounded by Poles, Tchechs, Greeks, and other minor Allies. They refused to allow so much as an expert witness or a written pleading to reach them from the other side, and they had the audacity to suppose that in these conditions they could judge fairly. So long as the "enemy" is outside the League these conditions will continue. These Treaties mean the denial of any reasonable political ambition to many millions of the German race. Austria must lead a provincial life, excluded from all the larger movements of civilization; but at least in this parasitic and sheltered life, it will be self-governing. The three and a-half million Germans who have been handed over to Tchecho-Slovakia, and the two and a-half millions who must live in Poland, are unlikely to have any political life whatever, unless it be one of continual protest. In these countries even the Socialists are nationalists, and for them also, any German, even a German Socialist, is a racial enemy.

Politics apart, will these minorities be able to lead a normal human life, to educate their children in their own culture, and to express themselves freely in clubs, theatres, and the Press? For this the Treaty offers verbal guarantees, and the League will watch over their observance. We confess to a doubt whether the authority of the League will be greater than that of the august Four at this moment. The Poles have been organizing pogroms at intervals by way of celebrating their independence, ever since last November. The series continues, and each week brings fresh reports. Are we to suppose that the Allies, who have inserted a special clause dealing with the Jews, in the Polish Treaty, have omitted by wink or word to indicate that they dislike pogroms? Of course not; yet the Poles go their way. The Allies flatly forbade the recent renewal of the Polish war on the Ukraine, and threatened to cut off food if it went on. It goes on, and the Allies are powerless. They are powerless because the Poles understand very well that their help is wanted against Bolshevik Russia and against Germany. Paris, indeed, conceives of Poland, Tchecho-Slovakia and Roumania, as so many living barriers against Germany and the revolution. To be a barrier against overwhelming millions on either side is not an amusing rôle—one does not assume it for nothing. Why be a barrier if one may not do as one pleases in one's own ghetto? There are, in short, limits to the control of the League, and those limits will be fatal to any impartial police work so long as the League remains a partizan alliance, directed against the German race and the Socialist revolution. These Treaties and the League itself are, in short, mutually interdependent. Treaties of violence and strangulation make a league of partizans, and partizans can bring no justice, be it to Austria or the Balkans, to Turkey or the Russian Borderland. There is failure written over this enterprise of peace.

NEW HOPE FOR INDIA.

If we wish to find in the parliamentary history of India, an event comparable in significance with the introduction of Mr. Montagu's Bill, we must go back sixty years, to the assumption by the Crown of the powers vested in the East India Company. Even that, however, furnishes only an imperfect parallel: for the Act of 1858, while making an imperial change of great moment, left the Indian system itself practically unaffected. In the course of two generations that extraordinary machine has been modified in countless ways. It has been gradually transformed in detail, and of course the general atmosphere of India has changed beyond description. A Secretariat official serving under Dalhousie, or a district magistrate trained in the heroic methods of John Lawrence, would certainly feel himself extremely uncomfortable in the India of our day. Two generations of Western influences, to say nothing of Curzon and Morley and Hardinge, have worked out to remarkable results. And yet it is true that, for all the multifarious changes of circumstance, and the gradual shift in direction, the British Government in India has preserved its essential character as a vast centralized bureaucracy.

Indians are elected to the legislative councils. A very few Indians have seats on the executive councils. But the rule of India is British. The Governor-General remains an autocrat. The legislative councils do not legislate in any sense recognizable by a self-governing people. Elected members of Council have wide freedom of debate. They vote on pretty nearly everything. Sometimes, as in the recent case of the Rowlatt Sedition Act, they all vote together in opposition. But their action has no effect upon the course of policy, if the Executive has made up its collective mind, as nearly always it has. Lord Morley's Act of 1909, establishing the reformed councils, marked a noteworthy stage in constitutional evolution. But its principle was not that of responsible government. Before the war no prominent statesman in England had got as far as the enunciation of that principle in relation to India. By 1917, however, some of them had. On August 20th in that year a declaration was made, in brief and unequivocal terms. The goal of British policy was defined, in a statement read to both Houses of Parliament, as "the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." The Bill to make further provision with respect to the Government of India, now at the second reading stage in the Commons, has been designed as the first step in the fulfilment of this pledge.

Mr. Edwin Montagu became Secretary of State for India in 1917. He spent the ensuing winter in India, and a year ago, jointly with Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy, he put his name to the elaborate and interesting Report which forms the basis of the present Bill. Among those who know the working of the Indian system, there has never been any question as to the central difficulty of Mr. Montagu's task. Lord Morley's Councils carried to their furthest practicable limit the old expedient of providing for discussion and criticism without definite responsibility. Unless the problem of a gradual transition to responsible government is to be given up as insoluble, a bridge must be devised between the despotic and irresponsible executive, developed by the Company and continued under the Crown, and some modern form of responsible government, expressed in elective assemblies directed by Ministers dependent upon their support.

It is no secret that Mr. Montagu, approaching this new problem during his stay in India, was attracted by the ideas of Mr. Lionel Curtis. That interesting

architect of constitutions, realizing that his design for an Imperial Commonwealth was imperfect in at least one most important aspect, was at this very time in India completing his own education, and to him is due the project of dual government, which Mr. Montagu has adapted to his scheme of provincial autonomy. After second reading, the Bill is remitted to a joint Select Committee of both Houses; and, since the main conflict in committee will almost certainly turn upon this one question, we may consider Mr. Montagu's statement of the case for the diarchy.

In the explanatory memorandum issued with the Bill, he says that the new provincial governments are to be of a composite character. The Executives are to be modelled upon the system of council government now existing in the greater provinces. That is to say, the Governor will still be assisted by a very small council, with four as a maximum, the leading members being European officials of long standing. This Executive, as now, will act as the Governor-in-Council. On the popular side the Government will consist of the Governor, with Ministers who will be elected members of the Legislative Council. Each half of the Government will have its allotted sphere of duty, and the respective shares are to be defined in such a way as to fix on each section responsibility for its own work. A large share of the affairs of the province will come under the head of "transferred subjects," and will provide the ground for experiment in autonomy, while other subjects, chiefly those touching the interests of all India, will be "reserved" to the Governor-in-Council. The Ministers in whose hands will rest the administration of transferred subjects must not be officials; but, though responsible to the Assembly as elected members, they are to hold office at the Governor's pleasure, not to be removable by a hostile vote.

So far as we are able to discover, this scheme of elected Ministers separate from the Executive is presented by the authors of the Bill as the only plan which allows for the gradual transfer of power to the representatives of the electorate. It has inevitably been subjected to elaborate criticism; but only one alternative proposed by the Indian bureaucracy is deemed worthy of specific mention in Mr. Montagu's memorandum. This provides for an executive council, consisting of an equal number of official and non-official members, and no division of functions. It is the alternative suggested by the governments of five provinces, and is rejected by the Secretary

of State, mainly on the ground that "it does not enable responsibility for any act of government to be fixed on any member of the Executive." Mr. Montagu's explanation implies, we think, that the diarchy stands because no body of opinion in official India has been found advanced or courageous enough to acknowledge the urgent necessity of a change in the executive control of India; to accept the fact that the transfer of power must come, and to see that it can only come without disaster if the best and ablest members of the bureaucracy show themselves ready to face the situation.

So crucial is this matter of the autonomous province and the means devised for attaining it, that secondary attention only will be given in committee to the proposed change in the supreme government of India. The Indian argument always is that provincial self-government, even within narrow limits, is impossible unless two great reforms are attained: the control of the purse by a responsible executive, and a thorough reconstruction of the authority officially known as the Governor-General-in-Council. The Montagu Bill is very cautious in the first matter; in the second, it assuredly does not provide for any diminution of the immense powers of the executive Government of India. The Viceroy's Legislative Council numbers at present 68. Its membership is to be enlarged to 120, with 80 elected. But this Chamber is to be balanced by a new Council of State, to consist of fifty-six members, half-official: a Second Chamber more than powerful enough to ensure that "the capacity of the Government of India to obtain legislation which it regards as essential shall remain unimpaired." In a word, the provincial Assemblies may legislate, the Viceroy's Legislative Council may use its large elected majority; but the Governor-General-in-Council must continue in his unimpaired supremacy.

Mr. Montagu has set himself a task of extraordinary difficulty; a task by comparison with which that accomplished by Lord Morley ten years ago was simple and almost easy. His foes are of three kinds: the Anglo-Indian extremists, who refuse to admit that anything should or can happen in our Eastern dominion; the Indian extremists, who have no interest in constitutional change; and the inert mass, in Parliament and without, for whom India is anything save a great responsibility and opportunity. But one thing is certain: this Bill, or a better Bill, must pass if India is to become in any real sense a member of the Imperial Commonwealth.

THE CATASTROPHE OF PARIS.

I.

THE men who met in Paris last December held in their hands a power over the life and future of mankind in comparison with which Napoleon's power at its height was insignificant. That power had been put in their hands; Mr. Lloyd George owed his authority not to some supreme act of statesmanship of his own, but to the imagination and endurance of millions of common men—very many of them now dead, many crippled, many broken for life. The soldiers had believed that if they gave their rulers victory, that victory would be used to establish a new spirit in the world and to make war impossible. They sacrificed themselves without stint, and whatever power victory could give had been bestowed in full on the group of politicians who met last December to reconstruct the world.

Does anyone think to-day that that power has been so used as to make war impossible? If so, I have not found him. Nobody is acting as if he thought the

world was changed in spirit. The dominant note in Paris to-day is fear, just as certainly as the dominant note in the minds of the men who won this victory was hope. Some regard the Peace as wicked, some regard it as just, some regard it as foolish, some, I believe, regard it as wise. But the one fact that must strike anybody who has been in Paris throughout these months is the decline of hope, and this is as true of those who wanted this kind of Peace as of those who dread it.

We might have ended the war with the German Empire standing; there was a school that wanted such a conclusion. The war was prolonged until it fell and it became possible to make peace on new principles and to build a new world. But this new world could only have been built by men who believed in it, who could imagine and face the sacrifices it demanded, who could escape from the web of national fear and national ambition in which the diplomacy of the old world had been entangled. In short, what was wanted

of the men who met in Paris was the imagination and the faith that the youth of the nation had shown in the war, for without the courage and the spirit of youth a new world could not be built. And it is the spirit and courage of youth that have been lacking at Paris, where the world has been in the hands of tired and exhausted men, resorting to old and discredited devices, under the spell of all the superstitions we denounced with such vigor four years ago. The soldiers have made possible a Peace of a new type, but the statesmen could only think in terms of a Peace of the old type. And the very completeness of the victory made it possible for that Peace to be infinitely worse, as it might have been infinitely better, than any Peace consequent on a less decisive conclusion. This is the real tragedy of Paris that the new world is being made by men whose imagination belongs to the old.

So true is this that they treat revolution, whether in Russia or Hungary, in the spirit of Pitt, and they threaten to turn the League of Nations into a weapon for destroying any system they dislike. During the Herreros rebellion the Germans cut off an unhappy tribe from the river on which it depended for water, and then shot the men who stole down to drink as if they were antelopes. Resistance was hopeless, and the women and children settled down in the desert to wait for death. A friend of mine who was sent by the Council of Ten through South-eastern Europe said that this story came into his mind as he looked at the faces in the streets, for he saw everywhere the faces of men and women waiting for death. That simile of his haunts me when I read that, using the immense power given to them by our soldiers, the Council of Four have decided to exercise the blockade against Hungary until she finds a Government that satisfies them, and when I read Mr. Churchill's speech justifying the war we are making on the women and children of Russia.

II.

Take two leading issues by which we can measure the capacity of this group of statesmen to appreciate their opportunities and their responsibilities. The war had been largely an economic struggle. The Allies had set themselves to do everything that Napoleon tried to do in 1806, and where he failed they succeeded. They had obtained a grasp on the economic life of the world that was inexorable and absolute, where he had striven in vain to put his hand on the economic life of a Continent. All the resources of modern civilization had been employed to give to certain nations the power to deprive others of the necessities of life and industry. The development of the industrial system had made this weapon easier to forge, easier to wield, and more dangerous to those who use it. When the Armistice came, the industrial life of Europe was in chaos. The men who met in Paris, who had taken the responsibility of using this weapon, should clearly have faced the consequences in the Europe for which they were to legislate. Famine, which in our modern world is the sign of the paralysis of industry, was there to remind them that they held the power of life and death over half a continent. The supreme Economic Council should have been set up at once and the whole problem of restoring the economic life of Europe should have been examined with a dispassionate sincerity. But what happened?

We had our election in England, and Ministers, instead of telling the country the truth, made a series of wild and irresponsible speeches which have weighed as heavily on the Conference as the secret treaties. Mr. Henderson was the only Party Leader whose speeches could be read by an Englishman in Paris, where the miseries and dangers of Europe seemed more important than the fate of candidates, without an acute sense of discomfort. Mr. Lloyd George chose to forget the special claims of our Allies and the desperate plight of the world in his anxiety to satisfy the blind cry for the uttermost farthing; Mr. Lloyd George, who knew that the nation had never flinched from any sacrifice in the war, spoke as if we were the most selfish people in the world, careless of the fate of that Europe which we had helped to save. We have had a fitting sequel at the Con-

ference. The Allies fell to wrangling amongst themselves about the share that each of them was to secure of the indemnities to be wrung from Germany. Famine and disease were marching like a new black death across Europe, and the men in whose hands the life of Europe trembled were quarrelling over the precise fraction of some fantastic figure that was to fall to each of them. The historian of the future, studying such documents as the reports from Plumer's Army, or the appalling pictures of famine and despair that were sent to the Allied Governments from all parts of Central and Eastern Europe, will come upon the admission that the most difficult question to settle among all the questions that kept the Four so busy with discussions that seemed interminable, was this question of the apportionment of the indemnity. Perhaps he will turn back to the early days of the war and the spirit of the first hundred thousand.

If we were right in thinking that the defeat of Germany's aggression was a common duty that we owed to freedom, that belief should have made us ready to share the burdens. We are indignant that one man should be made rich and another ruined by the war. So with the nations of the Alliance. On what view of the war is it just that France and Italy should emerge from the struggle financially desperate, while Britain stands on her feet, and America is strong and prosperous? With common loyalty and common effort nobody need be ruined. Think of what the potential wealth of the world will be twenty years hence, and then weigh the burden of this war, if the burden is justly distributed. It was thought a year ago that the world would be short of food and raw material; it turns out that the world is short of something that can be supplied more easily, and that is credit. If the Allies had decided last December to pool war debts, or to adopt some device such as that proposed by Mr. Hobson and Sir George Paish, they would have removed a great part of the political difficulties of the situation. For economic fear is an important element in French and Italian politics. An effort of common statesmanship so slight as this was beyond the men to whose lot it fell to re-shape the world.

For this failure which has had, I believe, fatal consequences on the Peace, America is, I think, most of all to blame, for she had the greatest opportunity of her history. She had come into the war late, and her immense resources were contrasted with the needs of an impoverished Europe. Her President had assumed by universal assent the moral leadership of the world. But unfortunately on this, as on other questions, America, honorably free from our territorial ambitions, has given the impression of a reluctance to make concessions for the common good. The League of Nations was an American project, yet America seemed to shrink more than any other State from the sacrifices necessary to its success. Her insistence on an amendment to protect the Monroe doctrine provoked the French who were themselves prepared for considerable restrictions on the domestic rights of nations. The decline of President Wilson's reputation in democratic circles was due to this look of clinging to special advantages or prejudices and to the growing belief that American politics at Paris were not free from the control of the American financiers. It is significant that the manifesto in which the Confédération Générale du Travail denounce the Peace refers to the neglect to make any provision for dealing with international finance. If America had come to Paris with large constructive ideas for the regeneration of the world she would have been able to give reality to the noble phrases by which President Wilson had raised the hopes of democracy, and to offer a serious opposition to the growing power of real politics in the Conference.

III.

This breakdown was bad enough; there is another to match it. The Allies had declared that the principle of self-determination was to be the ruling principle of the new world, and that the League of Nations was to be a common partnership of peoples pursuing the same Liberal ends.

Turn from that ideal—and it was a conscious ideal of most of us during the war—to the actual deliberations

in Paris. We look in vain for a single act or declaration in the spirit of Wilson's principles in any case where those principles demanded a sacrifice from any of the Governments represented there. One generous gesture would have transformed the atmosphere, but that generous gesture was never made. And here the chief responsibility rests upon us.

Mr. Lloyd George acted with courage and good sense in modifying the reckless recommendations of the Polish Commission, and this is not the only case in which he maintained, to the advantage of the world, the traditional rôle of Great Britain as a moderating and steady force in the politics of Europe. But just because he lacked either the courage or the imagination to act himself on Liberal principles, his sober sense carried little moral weight, and his good advice was attributed to bad motives. I know, for example, that many Frenchmen thought that his attitude to Danzig was governed solely by commercial considerations. At the beginning of the war, the British Empire, thanks mainly to two men, Gladstone and C.-B., stood out in happy contrast to the illiberal traditions of Germany and Russia. Englishmen at home scarcely realize that to-day we are in danger of becoming in the eyes of the world the chief representative of reaction. This is due partly to the war, which has swept away the Empires that made ours look generous; partly to the deliberate action or neglect of our rulers who have rewarded the sacrifices of the democracy by the most impudent and unscrupulous practice of the old diplomacy.

At this moment any group of persons in Europe would agree that the most glaring case of refusing the right of self-determination to a white people is to be found in our treatment of Ireland. After all our talk during four years, and after our action in declining to consider anything less than the complete independence of the Slav populations under Austrian rule as a satisfactory settlement of their national claims, we have deprived ourselves of the right to contest the demand for complete independence if Ireland deliberately presents it. If we turn to the map, we can put our finger on an island at the other end of Europe that we acquired by trickery, and that we hold against the unanimous wish of the inhabitants. Why has not Cyprus been restored to Greece? Is it true, as people are saying in Paris, that certain Government Departments are finding excellent reasons for keeping it, reasons that will not bear exposure to the light? Are we thinking of its convenience as a bombing base? In the case of Egypt we used the war to establish a protectorate, and at the end of the war we provoked a meek people to rebel by a series of blunders that deserved impeachment. We were saved from the worst consequences, not by any politician, but by a soldier who will go down to history with a nobler fame than all the fame he won in Palestine. The correspondence that passed between General Allenby and Mr. Balfour and Lord Curzon will, I imagine, prove very interesting reading for our grandchildren, something like the correspondence between such Generals as Abercromby or Sir John Moore, and the men who did Pitt's evil work in Ireland. Then what of Persia? Our Government, of all Governments in the world, is bound in honor to support the claim of Persia to a hearing before the Peace Conference, and our Government alone is resisting that application because, if my information is true, as I fear it is, Lord Curzon is engaged in transactions of which this, at least, can be said, that they have very little in common with the ideas generally associated with the League of Nations or the self-determination of peoples.

Some say the peace is a bad peace because the French are grasping, others that it is a bad peace because the Italians are grasping. The truth can be put more simply than this. The Peace Conference is a failure because all the Governments alike are using the victories won by the democracies of the world for the old selfish ends, because each of them still believes in the old ideas of national prestige and pursues the old schemes of national ambition. We point to what France is doing and the Frenchman points to what we are doing; each with good reason. The smaller nations follow the lead of the greater, every national animosity has been

inflamed, and I doubt whether there is a single member of the alliance in Europe except the Republic of San Marino, that has no quarrel with a neighbor's freedom. Europe has passed through five months, in their circumstances and setting the most dramatic in her history, unilluminated by a single ray of generosity or imagination. No single man has spoken or acted otherwise than he might have spoken or acted if millions of men had not given their lives to make Europe free.

If the Peace Conference had been inspired by the spirit in which the democracies fought, it would have resembled the great ceremony of the Fourth of August, and each Power would have come forward to renounce those privileges that pressed on the freedom and self-respect of other peoples. We are indignant about the scandal of Shantung. What could not Britain and France have done for the independence of China if they had been sincere? As it is we never dream of doubting our rights in Hong-kong, and we devote half our diplomacy to the effort to put our hand on the independence of another Eastern people. France gives China kind words, but she renounces nothing. She thinks only of increasing her power in Morocco and Syria. A Frenchman said to me in Paris that the atmosphere of the Conference seemed to mark the end of an age. It was an apt phrase. For what we are witnessing is not the dawn of a new civilization, but the last act of an old order.

J. L. HAMMOND,

Late Special Correspondent of the
"Manchester Guardian" in Paris.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

IF there were certain information that the crust over the bottomless pit was now worn so thin that a little more jazzing upon it would drop us through to where we should have plenty of leisure to repent, but no hope whatever of unwinding the folly of our late giddy dance, there is little doubt the public would still think merely that the soles of its feet were pleasantly warm. The Painted Flapper having ceased, for the time, to interest, and the Hawker excitement having faded, this week we have had the Victory Derby, the first crossing of the Atlantic by aeroplane, and the finish to the French-Kitchener controversy. For some occult reason, on Derby Day the news of the French industrial upheaval was reduced in the afternoon papers to a couple of obscure paragraphs. Excepting in the "Herald," no reference was made to trouble among our men in Egypt, though there was a question in the House about it. When Gabriel's clarion startles some early morning of the future, most of humanity will look at its watch, conclude that that hilarious wayfarer with the trombone ought to be in bed, and go to sleep again—for a very brief nap.

I SUPPOSE nobody whose information and judgment are beyond what is necessary to operate a penny automatic machine ever doubted that in the affair of George Northcliffe-Kitchener-French, Mr. Asquith could, when he chose to do it, make his energetic critics look a trifle foolish before any jury of gentlemen. Compared with any of his opponents, Mr. Asquith's mind is—let us call it different; his culture is different, and his temper, and his standard of conduct. There is really no comparison. The public knows that, instinctively. In times of danger and excitement, it is the way of the ambitious demagogue to profit by his knowledge of a superior rival's

more continent and voracious mind. The scorn of the man he wrongs is the measure of the demagogue's safety—for he knows such a man puts the commonweal above personal interest, and therefore that the scorn will be merely private. It has been evident throughout the "shell shortage" dispute that Mr. Asquith, when he chose to use the last word, would give his enemies the appearance of those who play too long with an unexploded and apparent "dud." I heard Mr. Asquith at Newcastle, and I have never had any doubt about that. A friend of mine, called by some an "extremist" (he would certainly vote for Smillie and not for Asquith, if such a contest ever took place), told me at Newcastle, and repeated it while we were leaving the meeting last Tuesday after Mr. Asquith had buried Viscount French, that the greatest blunder of the Germans in the war was to have started it just when such an unusually wise and courageous example of the British middle-class happened to be Premier. "Mr. Asquith's foresight, instant decision, simple statement of unselfish aims in the war, and his cold and obstinate will, doomed Germany from the start."

I HEAR that important modifications of the Treaty are likely to be announced. The Big Four are probably beginning to realize, for they cannot be insensitive to the opinions of important neutrals, that their terms and the blockade have caused Right to change sides. The scheme for relieving financial stress by international action was, I hear, rejected by America. We have been told that our delegation lost the service of Mr. Maynard Keynes because his health has been undermined by his devotion to the cause of peace. It is likely. What is quite certain is that now he has gone our delegation has lost one of its ablest members. But I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Keynes is amongst those distinguished people in Paris who are profoundly dissatisfied with the Treaty.

It is seldom a letter of a few lines to the Press attracts any attention except that of its writer, but a letter of Mr. John Galsworthy's this week on the significant coincidence of the crossing of the Atlantic by aircraft and the discovery of Lewisite has given us a nasty jar. Not so many years ago London journalists were camped out on the Kentish coast waiting for the first aeroplane to arrive from the Continent. Their mind's eye then did not picture for them a rush to the cellars, as part of the day's work, when aeroplanes would cross the Channel with half-ton bombs for the capital. That unhappy thought never occurred at the moment of exultation. And again to-day, in the general jubilation over "the defeat of the Atlantic," we forgot a recent period when the moon on still nights was not altogether a poet's dream, owing to our pre-occupation while waiting for the maroons; and we also omitted, while cheering the gallant Hawker, to appreciate the awful fact that if Lewisite is all it is reported to be, then the careful maroons, next time they go off, will be simply the announcement that the pearly gates are opening wide. Coming at the very time when our wise elders, having satisfactorily extracted the teeth of the dragon, have scattered them broadcast into the future, Mr. Galsworthy's letter has diminished our enthusiasm for ocean flights. But perhaps the coincidence of the nearly perfect aeroplane with the all too perfect poison may have a hopeful reading. In the past, there was only a small chance of pain for those people who made and directed wars. The last war was five years long because the soldiers and sailors did most of the dying. When

kings, presidents, war cabinets, assembled parliaments, profiteers, and high-spirited war propagandists, stand more chance of sudden extinction than the fighting men, and civilian populations are definitely aware that they may perish in masses like flies at any moment, without warning, then we may really begin to demand the summary execution of the bellicose, and of all unauthorized makers and users of aeroplanes.

THE HUNGARIAN Bolsheviks, at least, meliorate for our war-correspondents the terrors of war. They even return good for evil. These correspondents run over from Switzerland to the enemy's capital, meeting none of the nonsense war-correspondents lately found in getting across the lines from Ypres to Lille when we were fighting the Germans; and at Budapest the cruel and treacherous foe welcomes our agents, shows no ill-feeling because we are determined that the babies of Socialists shall die till their fathers are converted to the true political faith, but gives our spies the freedom of the city. One of our special correspondents, having spent two months in the capital of the enemy, returned recently, and sent a long despatch to his paper which was published as descriptive of a "Reign of Terror." Yet his enemies appear to have seen him aboard the train, to have supplied him with what nourishment could be spared from the feeding bottles of the underfed, and to have asked no more than that the truth be told, when he got home. And how does he repay them? A Reign of Terror! A hopeful search through this correspondent's two columns for one tasty instance of Terrorism revealed the one miserable fact that the crafty Bolsheviks of Hungary are careful to avoid killing people; they let them commit suicide, a post-war practice unknown in these happy isles. And, again, our terrified correspondent actually found an attractive statue of Aphrodite in the same room as a fish-hawker's baby. I believe the last to be unfortunately true. A friend of mine just returned from Hungary informs me that the perfectly awful examples of art found in the homes of the rich, when sleeping accommodation for the over-crowded poor was being allocated, shocked the Socialists more than anything else.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"Even when dealing with 'natives' the methods of the cattle yard, deprecated for India by Mr. Montagu, and recommended for Ireland by the galloping Lord Birkenhead, are not uniformly successful. It is not easy to pole-axe a nation. We have, therefore, received with equanimity the alarmist rumors which have recently filled the Press of wholesale arrests in Ireland and the proclamation of Sinn Féin. The era of German plots is passing, and the public, having been taught in turn to regard the Irish movement as motivated first by American dollars and then by German gold, will meet with a hardening scepticism the new attempts of Titus Oates to base it upon Bolshevik intrigues in Connemara. It may be assumed that the arrests will continue for real or fabricated offences, and perhaps on a more extensive scale. The *agent provocateur* is at work, and the worst traditions of the worst police forces are not absent in Ireland, where Sergeant Sheridan thrived in less critical days. Within the last law term the High Court has had on three occasions to censure the Executive. Last week the Master of the Rolls was obliged to comment upon "the unwarranted and indiscreet interference of the Attorney-General in an attempt, unknown since the days of the Stuart King, to mould the judgment of the court so as to suit the movements of politicians." When the entire conduct of the Executive comes up for review it will be found that this example set by the Attorney-General and others in high station has been bettered by subordinates where no independent judiciary could give redress.

CARETAKER.

Life and Letters.

ON WIPING OUT BERLIN.

In a recent issue of the "Daily Mail" there was a curious report. Sir William Robertson, it was said, and the General of the American Army at Coblenz, had been talking over what should be done in case the Germans should refuse to sign the Peace Treaty. The bombing of German cities was suggested. It was decided that it would be quite practicable to bomb Berlin, both by day and night. Further, it was said, the Americans had ready for the purpose a new kind of poison, which would "wipe out every trace of animal and vegetable life."

All this may or may not be, at the moment, true. The Germans may or may not sign. In the latter event, Berlin may or may not be bombed. The poison may or may not be to hand. But these uncertainties do not alter the significance of the report. What may or may not be a possibility to-morrow is, beyond a doubt, a possibility of some near future, if the morals and passions and imbecilities of men continue to be what they now are.

The first reason why such things may be done is that they can be contemplated. The writer of the passage in the "Daily Mail" is certainly no monster. He is, most likely, from the very fact that he wrote in the "Mail," a very average man. And to him it seems quite natural, after five years of war, that the whole population of a great city should be extinguished by bombs because a Government has refused to do what his Government wants them to do. It is not at all likely that any image of what this extinction means was before his mind when he wrote. He just thought in war-terms. Here is a "country" which is our "enemy." It must, therefore, be coerced. The way to coerce it is to destroy Berlin. That, and nothing more. The real fact implied in his phrases, the sudden death in torture without any possibility of resistance of millions of men, women, and children, simple, innocent people like himself, his mother, children, and sisters, all that does not enter his mind. Strictly, he does not know what he is talking about. To know, he would have to witness, and then experience, this kind of death. The very beginning of witnessing it would alter his whole attitude. He would say "Stop, stop." And it would be too late. Meantime, he says what he does say, and an enormous public reads it. The public is in the same condition as himself. Its mind runs easily down the abstractions, "Huns, obstinacy, coercion, bombing." And "opinion" is then "prepared" for the operation of destroying Berlin. And when it happened there would be no surprise, no shock, no regret. Merely the feeling that the expected had occurred, and the desirable result, the "caving in" of "Germany," had been achieved. And so, to the day's business, the cinema, the ballet, the latest divorce case, the newest fashion—with at most a contemptuous sidelong glance (suggested by some episcopal pronouncement) at a few "pro-Germans" and "pacifists" who protest.

There, then, is the "public" made ready for the wiping out of Berlin. But (says a contemporary) our brave airmen, our brave generals, of course would not permit it. Would they not? The airmen are but ordinary decent men who have their "duty" to do. They would not hurt a child if they could help it. But that would not prevent their destroying the whole population of Berlin if they were ordered to do so. They would have, and would feel, no responsibility in the matter. Has any airman, in any army, ever refused to drop a bomb anywhere, on the ground of possible consequences to women or children? Would anybody (except conscientious objectors) approve his action if he did? To be in an army means that you have no right to a private conscience or to private feelings. You are there to obey orders. Not to obey them is a crime. And you have no responsibility for the results of your action. Besides, the airmen do not see or feel what they do. Hanging there in the air they see puffs of smoke and flames. They hardly hear cries. They certainly do not experience nor

witness the agonies of suffocation. If they descended afterwards to look at their work—ah, then! But then it would be too late. They would, no doubt, be "sorry." But how would that help?

But the generals! Well, but what are they? Agents of the politicians. They have to do anything that will enable their nation, as represented by its Government, to impose its will by force. Their feelings and their moral judgments do not come in, any more than do those of the commonest soldier. Besides, they are sitting somewhere in the rear, thinking in abstract terms of an entity called Germany, and another called Berlin, thinking not at all of millions of concrete men and women, just like themselves and their relations, going about their innocent and necessary business, and without any control whatever over the chain of events that is about to "wipe them all out" in this singularly distressing way. No; the generals would not be moved, would say it was their "duty" not to be moved, by "sentimental considerations."

But the Governments? They, at least, are responsible! They would not—would they not? They, too, are thinking in abstractions. "This thing—say the signing of the Peace—must be put through. It is our duty to our country to put it through." They accordingly inform the generals that it is to be put through. "Well, the simplest way would be to bomb Berlin. We have the poison gas." "As you please, general. That is for the military to decide." And then on to the next item on the agenda or the next public banquet. Were they responsible? No! they will say. The whole complex of events was responsible! They, like everyone else, were "doing their duty."

And Public Opinion? But we started with public opinion being "prepared" by the singularly ordinary and irresponsible gentleman who writes in the "Daily Mail." And so we come full circle—the most hideous thing history can record being done (if the reader will go so far as to assume it to be done) without anybody concerned feeling responsibility, without any shock anywhere of surprise or remorse, and (which is the principal point) without anyone being what is generally regarded as "wicked." Unless, indeed (for this should be added to complete the thing), it be the Germans who are wicked by definition and, after all, deserve all they get!

The reader is besought to remember that, though this is a hypothetical case, it is one all in the logic of what has been happening during the last five years. While armaments, war, war-moods, war-preparations, are in the world, there is no moral, intellectual or spiritual force which can prevent a thing like the wiping out of Berlin (or, *mutatis mutandis*, London or Paris) from happening, and from being acquiesced in with indifference by everybody. Nothing would prevent it but physical impossibility. But the thing is, or will be, in an immediate future, physically possible. It will, therefore, occur, if war occurs. And it will be regarded as merely a normal episode in war. To war-logic, once it is admitted, there is no check, no limit. The only remedy is anti-war logic. And anti-war logic is New Testament logic.

Well, but what do we think of the New Testament? Ask the Bishops!

"THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS."

WHEN Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, was invited to the cinema widely advertised as "Adventures Among the Cannibals," he was glad. "Cannibals," he thought, "will be a pleasing relief from the Peace Terms." Besides, his friend, Mr. Macrae, was a member of the Anthropological Society.

They dined at a literary club amid the customary lamentations over inflated currency, deflated menu, and other regrettable incidents of war. At the cinema they found themselves mixed up in a friendly party consisting of Liz and Nellie, Charlie and Bob, and a torpid lady whom all addressed as "Mother."

The lights were turned down, and after little cries of "That's enough, Bob," and "Oh, stow it, Charlie,"

the film began to move. It showed Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, who gallantly took the film, and incidents of their voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, and onward to the Solomon Islands. The admirable photographs reproduced the gentle rolling of the ship.

"Catch me," cried Liz, "I'm going to be sick!"

"I was sick once at Southend," said Mother.

"That heaves but with the heaving deep," Mr. Clarkson quoted, and instantly apologized for his literary profanity to Mr. Macrae, who, however, had not perceived the purport of the remark. His mind was fixed upon the approaching islands, where primitive man still afforded full scope for anthropological investigation.

"A face that only a mother could love!" So the printed description upon the screen announced a hideous and apelike savage. "Like to try, mother?" said Charlie.

"All mine happened white, thank Gord," replied the torpid woman.

The screen proclaimed that this island had reached a certain measure of civilization, and at once showed a body of native police, drilled and armed. "The Barracks are Near," said the screen. "Sure evidence of progress," sighed Mr. Clarkson.

But the sight of a white officer and a word about "Missions" had such a depressing effect upon the anthropologist that he was preparing to leave when the picture of a "Confessed Cannibal" gave him hope. The account of the islanders' subsidiary food—coconuts and dried whitebait—was also encouraging. And, indeed, really enchanting scenes of island life quickly followed—villages with naked children and pigs running about (all greeted with endearing exclamations by Nellie and Liz), an isolated clubhouse which no woman might approach ("The female taboo is very marked throughout humanity," observed Mr. Macrae, "its origin is probably physical"), wild dances with spears and bows (which Liz and Nellie called jazzing), beautiful long canoes gliding over calm water ("camouflaged," Bob and Charlie agreed, "like transports"), tropical forests almost impenetrable, and the heads of men and women variously adorned.

"I wish as I had that female's 'ead for a Cedar Mop!" Mother suddenly exclaimed, roused by domestic interest.

"Why does that bloke drag his ears down to his shoulders like bell-pulls, and run a white stick through his nose?" asked Nellie.

"That's to attract the girls, I suppose," said Bob, "same as my Charlie Chaplin moustache."

"I reckon his wife drives that stick through his nose so as to run him about kind of tame like a bull," Charlie suggested.

"Oh, go hon!" said Liz.

"Pardon me," Mr. Macrae interposed, "it is now more generally assumed that these physical mutilations are neither sexual nor strictly decorative in design, but originate rather in magic employed to avert the evil influences of spirits with which primitive man imagines himself perpetually surrounded. I am even now engaged upon a theory to prove that the mutilation of the lobe of the ear by the insertion of rings, such as we still see hanging from the ears of women even in our educated classes, is due to the endeavor to exclude the temptations of evil spirits."

"Look 'ere, gov'nor, don't you be sayin' nothing nasty against my girl," cried Charlie, turning on the anthropologist, "'cos it'll be the worse for you!"

"Never you mind for him," said Nellie, "I like a pair of ear-rings myself, but I ain't got no temptations."

"Then you can resist everything," said Mr. Clarkson, solicitous to please.

"You ain't no temptation anyways, Mr. Longface," cried Liz.

"Alas, it is true, too true," Mr. Clarkson answered, pleasantly; "'they flee from me that sometime did me seek'—you remember Sir Thomas Wyatt's beautiful lines?"

Meanwhile the strange scenes were passing rapidly, each explained in a language that reminded Mr. Clarkson

shudderingly of the "Daily Mirror" complicated by Americanisms.

"What do you suppose 'giving us the once-over' signifies?" he asked.

"The American language is passing through a stage of degeneracy and disintegration which will gradually render it incomprehensible to the inhabitants of our country," Mr. Macrae replied.

"Crimes! Lor' lumme! There's a knut!" cried Liz, as the screen showed a vast and naked savage, who was said to have devoured a Prussian officer and never been the same man since.

"The essential characteristic, or rather the main intention of cannibalism," observed the anthropologist, "is that the eater should *not* be the same man after he has partaken of another's flesh. The spiritual and even moral qualities of the departed are mystically absorbed by digestion into the personality of a new habitat in a manner somewhat approximating to re-incarnation. See Frazer *passim*."

"*Passim* is the word," said Mr. Clarkson; "highly as I value the 'Golden Bough,' I should find a Prussian officer equally digestible as the later volumes. But we must not omit hunger as an incitement to cannibalism, if it is true that in New Guinea the victim is led round alive, and each household selects a portion to be reserved for it, as one might chalk on the body of an ox, 'Liver for Mrs. Jones'."

"Look here, gov'nor," cried Bob, leaning over to Mr. Clarkson, "if you're passin' remarks on Mrs. Jones, you'd best drop it!"

"Never you mind for me," said Mother, humbly; "I'm one for joints—always was."

"I assure you, madam, I intended no personal reference or imputation," said Mr. Clarkson; "none whatever."

"Oh, don't you worry about them old buffers!" cried Liz; "they're goin' balmy. Look, Bob, here's somethink more in your style!"

The pictures showed a row of married women, lightly clad, some holding infants in their arms. "My word!" cried Mrs. Jones, "if there isn't a baby sucking!" Then came a scene of girls led past some kind of priest, who was to judge whether they were marriageable. "Seems to me rude," said Mrs. Jones, gathering her beaded shawl about her.

"Now don't you be talkin', Mother," said Liz; "didn't you read what the screen said as there ain't no vulgarity about your bein' naked?"

"No more there ain't," said Charlie, "especially so long as you're black."

"Well, all I say is as I was born white, and mean to keep summut on me," retorted Mrs. Jones, with some defiance.

"Not bad lookin', if you took their 'eads off," observed Charlie, with a critical air.

"And what does Mr. Longface say?" asked Nellie, anxious to be friendly.

"I?" said Mr. Clarkson; "Well, I'm tempted to cry with the poet, 'I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race'."

"Don't you be too cocksure," said Liz. "How if she wouldn't have you?"

"Mine not to reason why," Mr. Clarkson modestly answered.

They passed the "Artificial Islands," which Bob declared would be just made for the Huns, now they have no land to call their own. "Let 'em go and build up coral reefs," he said, "and once a year we'll burst shrapnel over them just to teach 'em what's what."

And so they journeyed to the New Hebrides, and witnessed the preparations for the burial of a man alive because he was too old to be of use. And they saw the dancers stamping on the living grave for two days and two nights to make sure he would not rise again.

The anthropologist became pleasurably excited. "There you have it again!" he cried to Mr. Clarkson. "The principle runs all through Nature—the Priest of Nemi—the sacrifice of the old, the useless, the worn-out, the impaired in vitality! Old men about to be killed used to pretend to laugh and look merry in hope of

proving they were still young enough to live. That was the "Sardonic smile!"

"Yes, I know," Mr. Clarkson replied, "but the old and young laugh the other side of their mouths now. It is the young who are slain and stamped underground. The heirs of all the ages are killed and their fathers remain to inherit a desolated world."

"Come, cheer up, Mr. Longface," cried Liz; "here's Mr. and Mrs. Johnson been showin' you all these lovely pictures, and tellin' how they wangled the King of the Cannibal Islands themselves and crawled out of the stew-pot just in time!"

"And rare plucked ones they was!" cried Bob.

"You're right," said Charlie, "and her nothing only a female!"

"Now, come along, Mother," they all said, and out they went.

"I wish one could be quite sure that fifty years of Europe are better than a cycle of Cathay," sighed Mr. Clarkson, as he went through Piccadilly Circus with his friend.

"Cathay is, I believe, a synonym for China," answered the anthropologist, hurrying to correct an inaccuracy, "and the scenes to-night had no connection with that country."

But in his rooms that night Mr. Clarkson was troubled with waking dreams of savage life which diffused a melancholy over all his following day.

Short Studies.

INFINITIES.

ALL this morning I have been floating about aimlessly along the tideways of human souls down by the London docks, in Commercial Road, Whitechapel, Fleet Street, eddying round Piccadilly Circus, and so homewards into quiet waters like a battered ship into port. I sought a little rest afterwards in the public library, and picked up the "Bookman," my customary fare. Then I observed for a while my fellow-loungers, and next casually picked up the "Performer," which happened to lie ready to hand.

I confess it interested me and induced me to have a look at several other periodicals I had never examined before. I read in succession the "Gentlewoman," the "Grocer," the "Builder," the "Horological Journal," the "Musical Times," the "Bird Fancier," the "Herald of Health," the "Bible Student." What began as a whim now developed into a solemn passion. I ransacked the whole room for the various professional journals, trade organs, periodicals devoted to special movements, societies, enthusiasms. It was an extraordinary experiment to make in that dirty quiet room among those few dirty dejected sprawling loafers; turning over the leaves of periodicals to conjure up and review the whole of contemporary civilization. I enjoyed one long delicious eavesdropping; I was an invisible man moving freely about unobserved among my fellow-creatures and listening to all their tattle. Each journal was a window through which I, an outsider, in the dark, could gaze in at brilliantly lighted interiors and watch all that was going on. It was a mask, a harlequinade, every performer delightfully unconscious of curious observation. Through the cold print of a paragraph, behind the lines of some stilted advertisement in an obituary notice, a competition or an advertisement, I traversed all modern society in a series of long kangaroo leaps. It is easy to sit comfortably at a table of periodicals and like an omnipotent magician, wand in hand, call up at will Park Lane or Whitechapel, the study of canaries or the Bible, order to appear in succession the licensing trade, all Band of Hope Unions, the Navy League, the theatrical world. You can call up for personal interview musicians, grocers, duchesses, trichologists, princes, pastrycooks. They told me everything. I searched their inmost natures and with perfect ingenuousness they

surrendered all. It was pleasant to feel the shock of transition from, say, the "Gentlewoman" to the "Shop-Assistant" or from the "Freethinker" to the "Bible Student." It made my sceptical mind a little gleeful to note how many pairs of antagonisms there are: the Suffragette and the Anti-Suffragette, the vaccinators and the anti-vaccinators, Stephen Paget and Stephen Coleridge, the "Labor Leader" and the "Saturday Review." I felt the same sardonic humor as a cinema film provokes when showing you, say the Houses of Parliament with a "fade-through" of Guy Fawkes in the cellars underneath.

In the "Gentlewoman" I read an article entitled "What gentlewomen are doing in the war." In the "Shop Assistant" poor Kippis is fighting for a living wage "against the callous indifference of the upper classes never more emphasized than at the present time." The Bird Fanciers are thinking of reviving the Roller fancy in the Grimsby district, the trichologists are commenting on the "grave dangers to health arising from neglected scalps," and an anxious enquirer in the "Bible Student" wants to know if "Holy Spirit" means "A number of angels"; and if so, how explain Matt. i. 20? Mr. J. Tripp, vice-president of the Horological Institute, has been indisposed, and his condition is causing anxiety to fellow horologists. Musicians call for a comic opera revival, and a general practitioner urges treatment for fracture by mobilisation.

My most interesting peep, however, was at the vegetarians through an exceptionally transparent window called "The Herald of Health," devoted, so it informed me, to the "Physical Regeneration of Mankind." Its first item was the photograph of a very cheerful old gentleman—"The late Mr. William Harrison showing a very fine brain development and philanthropic characteristics"—as if he were a prize beast at a fat stock show. His obituary notice was so curious that I copied it out in full. Here, however, I give only a few extracts. After referring to Mr. Harrison's "indefatigable and self-sacrificing labors on behalf of the vegetarian propaganda of which he was a pioneer," the writer proceeded to comment upon the significant circumstance that Mr. Harrison's father was a butcher, a fact which may have played no unimportant part in directing his attention to vegetables. "Early impressed by Bible truths, from his youth up he carried as his constant pocket companions the New Testament and Ben Johnson's Dictionary." (Sic.) In conclusion this self-taught Lancashire man over a long career preached and practised, taught and demonstrated undying human truths and scientific principles which 99 per cent. of the costly collegiates of this and other civilized countries do not know. Early in life Mr. Harrison signed Dr. Smudge's "Long Pledge" to abstain from tobacco, snuff-taking and alcohol. Subsequently it was his pride and privilege to add to the "Long Pledge" the following additional pledges: never to be a butcher, never to be a pawnbroker, never to sell tobacco or snuff, never to convert friendship into merchandise. "I hope," comments the writer, "that similar men will arise as examples of this human, health-giving, life-saving cult, and that our propaganda will spread faster and faster to enlighten and bless this our rising, war-stained, inoculated, be-drugged, deceived and deluded generation so that it may warn by the fruits of its experience a new and coming race."

I amused myself next with the comparison between this and the "Performer," which described in no unmeasured terms the feats of "The Great Jaskoe," the most daring hand and foot balancer in the world, of the celebrated Elsie Finney, now considering engagements for revues, water productions, and swimming displays; and of a hundred other famous men and women. Jack Straw claims "I run the gamut from laughter to tears. I speak the King's English. I get laughter cleanly." The audience quote me long after I have left your town." Mexico's most beautiful siffleur says "I will make your town talk. Don't miss this. Book right now. Can work any stage. Have featured every hall including the London Coliseum."

After attentively reading the short accounts of the

current transactions of all the learned societies, published regularly in the "Athenæum," with a mind a perfect jumble of "Half-crowns of Charles I." (exhibited by the numismatists), of the "integrals of a certain Riccati equation connected with Halphen's transformation" (which have been charming mathematicians), of an ivory comb of the XI. century sent by Pope Gregory to Bertha, Queen of Kent (and now exhibited by Sir Hercules Reed to the Antiquaries), I picked up a half-penny evening newspaper seeking relief. But I was cursed with the mood, and at once proceeded to observe cynically what "went to the post" and "whether the filly stayed well." It made me feel deliciously satirical to read in another column that amateur gardeners must "at once arrange for the imminent planting of spring bedders." And here in a little backwater, out of the way of the cataract, in a corner devoted to the Home, advice to knitters:—"Purl one, plain one." In many respects it seems to be beneath God's dignity to be omniscient.

I staggered out into the open air in time to see a very fine sunset. I was sick of the infinity of separate Things and just wanted to be Man looking at the Sunset. It was a distinct relief to my congested brain to observe the one Sun simply—that at least seemed an immense and irreducible Unity.

W. N. P. BARBELLION.

The Drama.

THE ART THEATRE.

"The Sea-Gull." By Anton Tchekov. Translated by Marion Fell.

TCHÉHOV is a Master. Like the work of any great dramatist his can survive any failure in production and any fumbling on the part of the actors, who are not called upon to "create," as they say, the characters they play, but to interpret them. Every touch of Tchekov's art upon the persons of his drama goes thrilling down to the centre of their being, releasing and revealing their passions. He shows a group of persons caught up in a coil of their own making from which there is no escape. He does not gird at them or laugh at them or ask them to be different: they cannot be different for they are living in a world in which every character has a flaw in its logic, a world in which the strong bear the burdens of the weak and suffer for them, sometimes until they can suffer no more.

The conflict of the Sea-Gull is the conflict between the old and the young, complicated by the conflict between town life and that of the country. A successful actress has a son who is too old to be convenient for her professional success. He is therefore kept down in the country without money or occupation. He has some genius and is ambitious to write, and near him lives Nina, a young idealistic girl, ambitious and passionate. The boy composes a poetic play and the girl acts in it before the neighbors and the boy's mother and her lover, Trigorin, a successful writer for whom writing is merely a mental habit, almost a disease, the drug with which he palliates his moral emptiness and complete lack of will. He lives on the charm of things and turns it into phrases, applying it with a sharp falsity to concrete images. His skill in absorbing charm is all he has and he cannot help using it. The most vivid charm in the dull countryside is Nina's, and he must have it, he, the town-dweller, who can find no freshness in his life of trains, restaurants, theatres. Nina has no power of resistance against him. She is blinded, like a moth or a rabbit caught in the circle of a headlight. The boy tries to defend her, but she does not wish to be defended. She wants to be an actress, and actresses find their goal by following that road. To give her charm and ambition to Trigorin she sacrifices her passion which is neces-

sary to the boy, Constantine. She half knows what she is doing, but all the more for that is driven to pursue it. Jealousy of the boy's mother, who is successfully what she hopes to be, supplies the crowning motive. And Trigorin, too, is helpless, he can only respond to an active nature. This is life, and those who cannot relinquish their dreams must perish. For the boy, Constantine, he is stripped of life before he has lived.

There are no dramatic "scenes," no leaping out of exposition into violence, because there is no need for them. The play moves from the first moment when Masha refuses to marry the schoolmaster and confesses her misery, which is very soon shown to be due to her love for Constantine. Throughout the incidents are events in the soul which very rarely find direct expression in external action. The course of these events is indicated by a phrase, by a gesture, by the entry of a character, by a seemingly idle action, but the certain touch of the artist never fails. The play is so living that it can exist on the stage independently of the actors.

That sounds paradoxical, but in this production of the Art Theatre group there was given a clear ironic pleasure in watching the actors again and again miss the significance of what they were saying and doing. That was great fun, and it is the highest tribute to Tchekov's power as a dramatist that it was possible and even necessary.

There is no reason why the play should be produced so gloomily. People who are capable of tragedy are cheerful enough, but the actors here had all a kind of Irish chant in their voices, and they keened even their jokes. The scene of this play is the country. There should be light enough in it: there is plenty as it is written, and the characters are certainly not voices mouthed out of the darkness. With more rehearsal it should have been possible to put at least a little polish on the translation.

GILBERT CANNAN.

Present-Day Problems

NEW POWERS AND OLD FRONTIERS.

THE political unity of the world, which is the avowed aim of the League of Nations, may or may not be achieved in the next few years; indeed, any but a very bold optimist must incline to the view that it will not. But the economic unity of the world has been furthered by the war to a very surprising extent. Conditions are, of course, still abnormal, but we may expect much of what has resulted in the way of international economic government to remain for a long time to come. Certain Powers, notably the United States and the British Empire, control the supplies of food and raw material sufficiently to be able to decide, throughout the greater part of the civilized world, who shall starve and who shall have enough to eat, who shall be allowed to develop industries and who shall be compelled to import manufactured goods. This power is the result partly of geographical advantages, partly of armed force, especially at sea. Financial strength also plays its part, but is a result of geographical and military superiority rather than an independent cause of dominion. If Germany had won the war, it may be assumed that indemnities would have fundamentally altered the balance of financial strength.

The necessity of rationing supplies has created, unavoidably, an international way of dealing with problems of distribution. Those who control international distribution have a degree of power exceeding anything previously known in the history of the world. The growth of industrialism, in the century before the war, led most nations to become dependent upon foreign countries for supplies indispensable to life or at least to prosperity. Cessation of foreign supplies would mean inability to support the actual population in health, as it has meant in Germany. Consequently it is impossible

for any European nation to return to economic independence except through a period of intolerable hardship, involving death or emigration on a large scale. Only extreme heroism prolonged through many years would enable a continental country to free itself from the economic dominion which has resulted from the war. This economic dominion has given to the world, as regards material things, a new unity and a new central authority.

But while material unity has been more or less accidentally achieved, unity in any higher sense has not been even approached. The League of Nations, so far from being world-wide, is in effect an alliance of America, Britain and France, with Italy as a somewhat doubtful hanger-on. Japan, which is nominally a member of the League, is mainly engaged in the attempt to absorb China—an enterprize by no means calculated to win the affection of America. From the Pacific to the Rhine, the League of Nations appears as an enemy or a master, not as a free union of equal democracies. The world is thus divided into three groups: the Western nations, the outcasts Germany and Russia, and the Yellow Races, among whom the Japanese are masters and the Chinese unwilling servants. It is in such a world that the League of Nations is to make its *début*.

The distinction of capitalist and proletarian has been made familiar by the writings of the Socialists. But this distinction has now taken a new form: there are capitalist and proletarian nations. Russia and Germany are proletarian nations, the former still on strike, the latter probably about to make a sullen submission. By the economic provisions of the Peace Treaty, it is secured (as far as such things can be) that Germans shall, for an indefinite time to come, be very much poorer than inhabitants of the Western democracies. They are to do specified work for the capitalist nations, obtaining presumably wages, but not profits. They are to be deprived of an enormous proportion of their ships, coal, and iron, and in every way prevented from competing with our trade. If they nevertheless do find ways of making money, they are to be deprived of what they make in order to provide reparation for the war. Their national situation, in short, is to be as similar as possible to the individual situation of a wage-earner in a capitalist community. Their reward for accepting our terms is to be that they are to have enough to eat to support life; their punishment for rejecting them, that their numbers are to be reduced by starvation until they submit.* In industrial disputes, we are accustomed to subjugation of strikers by these means. But it marks the growth of economic ways of thought that the methods of labor disputes should be applied in dealing with a vanquished nation.

As to Russia, it is as yet impossible to know what will happen. It is conceivable that, by sufficient determination, Russia may succeed in becoming economically self-sufficient. If so, war-weariness may compel the Allies to abandon the policy of intervention. But if Russia is not willing to face the hardships involved in an economic boycott, or if the Allies can raise sufficient armies to occupy the centres of Bolshevik power, it will become necessary for the Russians, as for the Germans, to submit to our terms and accept whatever form of government we may think good for them. The Germans were informed that we should be more lenient if they expelled the Kaiser; probably the Russians will soon be informed that we shall be more lenient if they restore the Tsardom. In that case, no doubt, they, like the Germans, may be granted a peace of justice and mercy, not of revenge.† But if they persist in Bolshevism, we may discover what it is that the Germans have been spared as a consequence of their adoption of democracy.

We see, in the two cases of Germany and Russia, the two purposes for which the power of the sword is being used, namely (a) to extort economic advantages; (b) to impose a form of government other than that desired by those upon whom it is imposed. I do not

wish to blame in any way the individuals who are carrying out these two purposes. I believe that many of them are completely blind to what is really happening: they feel that Germany, as the disturber of the peace, must be rendered harmless, and that Russia, as the perpetrator of endless atrocities against the well-to-do, must be forced to adopt again the "civilized" government which it enjoyed before the Revolution, whose much greater atrocities they forget because the Capitalist Press did not exploit them. Others, though they may see and regret the evil that is being done, except it as inevitable in order to inaugurate the League of Nations; and in the disarmament of Germany they see the first step towards universal disarmament. Many others, again, sincerely believe that it is the business of a statesman to think only of the interests of his own country; they feel themselves in the position of trustees, and regard "sacred egoism" as their duty. For all these reasons, it would be foolish to attach moral blame to those who direct the power of the Allies. Like everybody else, they are products of circumstances and systems. We have to understand their action, and to form an opinion as to whether it is for the good of the world; but if our opinion is adverse, we must go behind the men to the system which has produced them, and ask ourselves whether, under that system, anything better could be expected.

The capitalist system of industry, whatever its merits, has not been found conducive to perfect harmony between capital and labor. It is hardly to be expected that its extension to international relations will produce harmony between States, or that Germany and Russia will be filled with ardent love for the Western nations during the next few years. They may be powerless in a military sense, just as labor organizations are; but, like labor organizations, they may find other ways than war by which their grievances can be forced upon the attention of their masters. I do not wish to be misunderstood when I speak of "grievances": what I am saying is wholly independent of the question whether they are justified in feeling grievances. I say only that they will feel them, and that in fact their economic position will be less fortunate than ours, as a result of their defeat in the war. And this situation is not one likely to inaugurate a period of international amity, or to realize the dreams of those who died in France believing that our aim was to destroy militarism and establish universal freedom.

It is economic considerations mainly that have caused the severity of the peace terms and the implacable hostility to the Bolsheviks. (Those who think the hostility to the Bolsheviks is due to their atrocities are putting the cart before the horse, and are failing to realize how their own horror of these atrocities has been stimulated. The Tsar's Government was guilty of many more and much worse atrocities, but it was not to the interest of the Capitalist Press to make our blood boil about them.) Economic considerations of this sort are inseparable from the capitalist system. Probably every Allied nation, as a whole, will be worse off economically if Germany and Russia are ruined than if they are prosperous, but many individual capitalists will profit by the removal of competitors, and these individuals, through the Press, have power to mould public opinion. Moreover, under the existing economic system, competition is the very air we breathe, and men come to feel more pleasure in outstripping a competitor than in the absolute level of their prosperity. If, by slightly impoverishing ourselves, we can very greatly impoverish the Germans, we feel that we have achieved a valuable result. This state of mind is so bound up with capitalism that we cannot hope to see it effectively removed while capitalism persists.

I do not despair of the world; I do not think it impossible that the idealistic aims which inspired many of those who fought in the war may in time be achieved. But I think a lesson is to be learnt from President Wilson's failure, and the lesson is this: The removal of international rivalry, and the growth of real co-operation among all civilized nations, is not to be attained while competition, exploitation, and the ruthless use of economic power govern the whole machinery of produc-

* This is a slight exaggeration of our generosity. At a moment when large numbers of German infants are dying for lack of milk, the Peace Treaty demands the surrender by Germany of a hundred and forty thousand milch-cows.

† "The peace terms seem to me to combine justice with mercy."
—(The Bishop of London.)

tion and distribution. It is scarcely to be expected that the relations between States will be immeasurably more humane than the relations between individuals within a State. So long as the whole organized machinery of the State is used to defend men who live in idle luxury on the labor of others, and to obstruct those others in attempts to secure a more just system, the natural assumptions of men who possess authority can scarcely be such as to restrain them from a ruthless use of force in their dealings with hostile countries. International justice and lasting peace are not to be secured while capitalism persists.

It is especially in America that belief in fundamental economic reconstruction is needed. America has always stood for the ideas which are now known as "Liberal." In 1776, these ideas, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, represented the Extreme Left, just as much as the Bolsheviks do now. But even the most advanced ideas cannot be allowed to stand still for a century and a half without finding themselves outstripped by later comers. Liberal ideas are admirable in circumstances which allow a prosperous career to any tolerably vigorous person. Americans, with an immensely rich and fertile Continent waiting for their advent, required energy and enterprize and initiative, but little else. They possessed these qualities in a supreme degree; they developed their continent with almost incredible rapidity and skill. In the course of their progress, almost against their will, they have been driven into the position of arbiters of the world's destiny. They may hesitate for a time, they may be reluctant to undertake the responsibilities of the League of Nations, but the power is unavoidably theirs. With the power comes responsibility, however they may hesitate to assume it; and from sense of responsibility to love of dominion is unfortunately a fatally easy step. The United States, having the opportunity of ruling the world, is almost certain, before long, to acquire a taste for doing so.

The sources of American power, so far as can be seen, are not merely momentary. It is true that, at the end of the war, America has certain special advantages: unimpaired wealth, few casualties in spite of large numbers of trained soldiers, a newly-acquired fleet of merchant ships, and an opportunity of securing naval supremacy. But apart from temporary advantages, there are others of a more permanent sort, which seem likely to increase rather than diminish: an invulnerable territory, the possibility of complete economic self-sufficiency, with a rapidly increasing white population, already larger than the white population of any other single State, and full of all the qualities that promote national strength. No other State can compete against this combination of felicitous circumstances. Whatever America may vigorously desire, the world will have to accept. So long as America is content to believe in the Liberal ideas of 1776, so long not only Bolsheviks or Spartacists, but even conventional Socialists, cannot hope to maintain themselves for more than a moment in any important country: their existence will be inconvenient to American capital, and therefore, through the usual channels for educating public opinion, odious to the American nation. We in the older countries, where opportunities are fewer, and "la carrière ouverte aux talents" is a less all-sufficient gospel, are turning more and more towards co-operation as against competition, Socialism as against plutocracy. A Labor Government is likely in this country at no distant date; France and Italy may well follow suit. But nothing that we can do will be secure or stable while America remains faithful to the creed of ruthless individual competition.

We are thus brought back to the point from which we started: the economic unity of the world. The Labor Movement must be international or doomed to perpetual failure; it must conquer America or forego success in Europe until some very distant future. Which of these will happen, I do not profess to know. But I do know that a great responsibility rests upon those who mould progressive thought in America: the responsibility of realizing the new international importance of America, and of understanding why the shibboleths of traditional

Liberalism no longer satisfy European lovers of justice. The only right use of power is to promote freedom. The nominal freedom of the wage-slave is a sham and a delusion, as great a sham as the nominal freedom which the Peace Treaty leaves to the Germans. Will America, in her future career of power, content herself with the illusory freedom that exists under capitalist domination? Or will her missionary spirit once more, as in the days of Jefferson, urge men on along the way to the most complete freedom that is possible in the circumstances of the time? It is a momentous question; upon the answer depends the whole future of the human race.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Communications.

A MENACE TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The time has now come to speak plainly about the Enabling Bill. The danger to religious liberty within (and possibly without) the National Church involved in this Bill is not generally realized. Religious liberty is always menaced where the spirit of ecclesiasticism is dominant, and there are, unfortunately, notable signs that such a spirit in the Anglican Church has to a wide extent survived the fiery furnace of the war. Maleficent though this spirit is in all its operations upon the life of the Church, it is at present impotent to limit that comprehensiveness of the Church which the law protects, because (1) Parliament alone can alter the law and (2) the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the Final Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes, and will, of course, decide such causes with the same high competence, absolute integrity and freedom from bias which characterize its decisions in other cases. These two sheet anchors of religious liberty are gall and wormwood to many Ecclesiastics and their lay satellites, and they constitute the objective against which the great offensive of the Enabling Bill is directed. The attack upon Parliamentary control is patent. The designs upon the Judicial Committee, though latent, are just as real. With regard to the former, the Bill proposes in terms (S. 3. (6)) to give a Church Assembly wide legislative powers relating not merely to matters concerning the Church of England, but extending to the amendment or repeal of any Act of Parliament. The Bill then interposes between Parliament and the Church a non-representative and irresponsible Committee of the Privy Council, which of course may be a packed body. The function of this Committee will be to consider measures passed by the Church Assembly with a view to recommending the granting or withholding of the Royal Assent. To Parliament is left a mere negative veto to be exercised within forty days. Let it be remembered that legislation passed under the machinery of this Bill will become part of the general law of the realm and will be binding on those concerned both as Churchmen and citizens. Nay, it is possible that Nonconformists may be affected and that they may have to keep a watchful eye upon the proceedings of the Church Assembly. With regard to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (which, of course, must be carefully distinguished from the Ecclesiastical Committee of the same body which the Bill proposes to constitute), the objection of Ecclesiastics to this Court on the ground that it is not a "spiritual" Court is notorious. Probably one of the first things which a Church Assembly would attempt would be a reconstitution of Ecclesiastical Courts, so as to substitute so-called spiritual for lay judges and to get rid of the Judicial Committee as the Final Court of Appeal. Thus the full significance of this plot against religious liberty, conceived before, and incubated while the attention of the nation was concentrated on the war, now stands revealed in the Enabling Bill. Stripped of all ecclesiastical camouflage, the Bill constitutes a deliberate attempt to place the National Church under ecclesiastical and sectarian as distinguished from national control, and, under the specious plea of spiritual independence, to confer a measure of ecclesiastical autonomy almost as wide as that possessed by the "Free" Churches. This is, in effect, an

attempted fraud upon the nation in that it will involve a most serious derogation of national rights.

Whatever arguments are advanced in Parliament now or in future by the supporters of this Bill, it is important to notice some which are contained in the Report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State. Let me examine briefly three. First, it is said that Parliament is "unfitted" to deal with Church affairs because it is no longer "a Church Assembly." It is perfectly and happily true that Parliament is not a Church Assembly, but the fact is totally irrelevant. The essence of establishment, it has been said, consists in the incorporation of the law of the Church into that of realm, and inasmuch as the law of the Church in some aspects relates to matters which affect the deepest and most solemn convictions of a man's life it is of paramount importance that no ecclesiastical measures should have statutory force without the fullest consideration by the sovereign law-making body. The Anglican Church cannot have it both ways. If it desires to legislate for itself let it honestly ask for disestablishment. Secondly, it is said that Parliament has not time for ecclesiastical legislation. The truth is that probably most of the supporters of this Bill don't want Parliament to give the necessary time. The so-called Representative Church Council might have approached Parliament and put forward a case (on the highest grounds) for the grant of facilities for Church legislation through the instrumentality of a special Parliamentary Committee which would, of course, have power to introduce drastic amendments. The Ecclesiastics, however (clerical and lay), will not, and dare not, ask for such a Committee because, like their prototypes in the days of Christ, they fear the people. Thirdly, it is said that the Church is tied and fettered and generally hampered by all sorts of restrictions by reason of its dependence upon Parliament. It would be far truer to say that what the Church is really in bondage to is ecclesiasticism, sacerdotalism and obscurantism. Even the Bishop of London, High Churchman though he is, in a recent address to the London Methodist Council, dealing with the objection that establishment was a bar to union, said he had been preaching the Gospel to London for thirty years, and had not felt one single shackle or chain—he had been as free as any Wesleyan Minister except on one point, as to the services he was bound to hold.

In conclusion, let it be noted that Dr. Temple himself has admitted that when the battle of what he calls liberty for the Church has been won, the battle of liberty within the Church may still have to be fought. What the present situation requires is emphatically not the Enabling Bill but a non-ecclesiastical Royal Commission with instructions to report, under a time limit, as to what reforms are immediately necessary in the affairs of the National Church with a view to bringing that Church into closer touch with the life of the nation, and making it more truly representative and inclusive of all that is best in English Christianity.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. W.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COPTS AND EGYPTIAN NATIONALISM.

SIR,—The undersigned representative Copts, in the interest of veracity and the formation of sound public opinion in England, strongly protest against the reference to the Copts by the "Times" correspondent on April 1st, and against the "Daily Telegraph" message published on April 30th last.

We declare, firstly, that the Copts never asked nor expected special favors from the British, owing to our common Christianity, as suggested by the correspondents. Secondly, there is complete solidarity in our national aspirations. All Egyptian Copts always foreshadowed and preached nationalism of the present truly national type, formerly expounded by our leader, the late Akhnoukh Fanous, in divers speeches and articles in the native press since 1898, and in our political programme, which was published in the British press as long ago as 1907. So far back

was Egyptian nationalism explained, and the present movement foreshadowed. The movement to-day is truly national, non-religious, progressive, and is not even primarily anti-British. The Coptic participation in the present movement is natural, because they share in the general revival of the national self-consciousness of the mass of their countrymen, being the same ethnologically, in culture and in national traditions. We would refer your readers to Weigall's "Treasury of Ancient Egypt" and to Lord Cromer, as the British public is entitled to have correct information regarding such vital matters affecting British policy.

We are cabling you this present statement in fairplay to your public, and in justice to ourselves, hoping it will not fail to correct misleading insinuations regarding the Copts. We wish to help public opinion better to understand the real nature, the vitality and the magnitude of the present national revival in Egypt, to appreciate its merits as conducive to a progress which can only react favorably on British interests and human welfare generally. Ill-advised and unreasonable opposition could only be unjust to Egyptians, whom the British have always professed to befriend, and had helped to progress during the past generation, and would be disastrous to the British themselves. Surely our mutual economic interests should ensure the sympathy of the British public for our revival, and thus peacefully and generously remove those obstacles now obstructing our progress towards a common ideal of national independence in strict accordance with, and fulfilment of, British professed policy and formal engagements reiterated by successive Liberal and Unionist Governments alike, since 1882.

Egyptians generally therefore still trust that the inherent native honesty of the British public will ultimately prevail, and ensure the fulfilment of those national engagements taken in their name, by British statesmen, towards the Egyptian people, who, implicitly trusting them, remained loyal throughout the war, and contributed their quota of men and treasure towards victory. Further, our national claims are legitimate, strictly conforming to the Allies' professed principles, and we consider their timely and generous recognition by the British would be highly conducive to the pacification of Eastern unrest generally, providing a concrete example of British Liberalism, and sincerity to professed ideals, thus reinspiring confidence, and restoring that moral prestige hitherto the cornerstone of the British Empire.

Finally, the general contentment which can result only from an equitable settlement and recognition of our legitimate aspirations, is the only solid foundation and sure guarantee of a world peace.—Yours, &c.,

[This cable from Cairo, received in London on May 28th, is signed by Kamel Awad, President of the Tewfik Society, and by a list of Coptic landowners, merchants, priests, journalists, doctors, lawyers, and schoolmasters, too long for publication.]

OPERATIONS ON ANIMALS AND MAN.

SIR,—Exit Sir George Greenwood (? discomfited). Enter as champion of the antis, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, arrayed in pseudo-scientific panoply, which he has not "proved." Far better had he confined himself to his literary sling, even if he had nothing but muddy ink wherewith to charge it. Mr. Shaw's letter shows that he possesses the qualification of most antis—ignorance of the subject. Otherwise he would surely have known that operations on the human kidney, involving excision of a part or even the whole, are easily and frequently performed, and give the sufferer from disease or calculus much more than an even chance of recovery. This is a matter of fact. If Mr. Shaw were ignorant of it, why did he not apply for information to his doctor with the "string of letters after his name," who at present leads the anti-vivisectionist movement, but whose identity Mr. Shaw conceals, and whose incognito I am myself, I regret to say, unable to penetrate? Or is Mr. Shaw's ignorance merely assumed in order to enable him to elaborate the ponderous joke that for the sake of humanity I should allow a piece of one of my own kidneys to be excised? As if I, or Mr. Shaw, or anyone would hesitate to make far greater sacrifices for the sake of humanity, or even on the lower ground of personal security! But if the experiment can be made in the first instance upon a dog, who would

hesitate to accept the brute as the victim? I, for my part, prefer to be on the side of the "humans."

Mr. Bernard Shaw casts ridicule on the statements (1) that an antiseptic wound is painless, (2) that the brain-substance is insensitive. But these also are ascertained facts: they are not matters of opinion. Surely Mr. Shaw should have hesitated before committing himself respecting matters on which he must own ignorance. Literary power is an admirable possession, and one we may all of us envy, but it does not carry omniscience. Statements regarding scientific questions must be accepted from those whose knowledge is derived from observation. Strange it is to see distinguished authors—Mr. Cunningham Graham, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and, last but not least, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw—willing to hurl themselves against a brick wall of facts. The result can only be their rebound in a bruised condition, sadly to the discredit of their reputation for common-sense.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD SHARPEY SCHAFER.

University New Buildings, Edinburgh.

ENFORCING THE PEACE TERMS.

SIR,—We are told that if the German Government refuses to sign, little Hans Müller, aged six months, Gertrud Fink, aged one year, and twenty thousand other little German boys and girls, whose names we do not know, are to be slowly done to death each week by orders given to the British Navy. This killing of Hans and Gertrud is, we recognize, not a pleasant task, but it is necessary in order to ensure the final triumph of justice upon earth.

So we seem to think. But perhaps another equally effective way might be found. I suggest one. The Allies have, I believe, at their disposal several hundred thousand German prisoners of war—all men who have fought against us, all to that extent *participes criminis* in the guilt of their country. Why should we not announce that for each week until they sign ten thousand of these prisoners, chosen by lot, shall be shot? This would be a quick and merciful death, compared with that to be meted out to Hans and Gertrud.

I urge it first in the name of humanity. But it has another advantage. If we leave their mothers milk, Hans and Gertrud will grow up to live a full working life, so making a much larger contribution towards the unmeasured toll to be taken each year by the Allies, than would be made by the shorter, damaged lives of returned prisoners.

Perhaps it may not appear at first sight, shall I say, a very sportsmanlike proposal, this wholesale shooting of prisoners. But, on the other hand, a smaller number of these soldier lives would most likely suffice. We might get the "consent" of the German Government quicker this way than the other. Besides there is a case for letting Hans and Gertrud live.—Yours, &c.,

LUCIAN.

"PEACE."

SIR,—The following lines were written in 1871 by my aunt, the late Elizabeth Waterhouse. They contain a diagnosis of the situation which every thoughtful person must recognize to-day as profoundly true, and a prophecy which has been amply fulfilled in these last fateful years. Very few changes are needed to fit them to present circumstances. Why can we not learn our lessons when they are written in capital letters by the hand of history?

"I have made peace thank God." O Emperor King,
At this thy word the nations lift their eyes,
Looking for One they wot of to arise
White-robed, on happy wing.

"What do they see? There crouches at thy feet
A fallen Thing with vengeance in her face,
Writhing and wrath, but fettered to her place
By bonds of German steel.

"As one should tell us in the dim thick night—
'Behold the dawn!' and we looked forth to see
The whole wide East grow golden silently
With joy of coming light.

"And saw instead a line of cloudy flame,
And lightning flashes leaping swift therethrough,

And heard the muffled thunder pulse, and knew
The storm, not morning, came.

"So is it when each wiry nerve to-day
Of eager Europe thrills with that sweet word;
Sweet, yet so false, soon as its sound is heard
Its promise dies away.

"Thy God of Battles, whom we do not know,
Thank for the Rhinelands and the golden fleece,
But not for such poor truce the Christ of Peace—
His Peace He gives not so."

—Yours, &c.,

HENRY T. HODGKIN.

7. Old Park Ridings, Winchmore Hill, N. 21.

TYPHUS IN POLAND.

SIR,—The Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee, whose work among civilians, especially in France, may be known to your readers, has received repeated appeals to give help in Poland, in consequence of which our Chairman, Mr. Thompson Elliott, and I, have just paid a short visit of investigation. We found the country suffering from a terrible epidemic of typhus—one hundred thousand cases is a recent estimate by the Ministry of Health, a condition which is greatly aggravated by the lack of supplies. The two most crying needs are soap and linen—two essentials in the fight with this disease, and which our visits to five typhus and other general hospitals, both in town and country, showed us were urgently required. In Cracow the maternity ward of the hospital has no more clothes for the babies, whom we saw wrapped up in old rags. By the kindness of the Ministry of Health in Warsaw—who are doing their utmost to fight disease and its causes—we travelled to the Kielce and Olkusz districts in the south, where they ask our aid. We hope to send a small unit in response to this appeal to work in co-operation with the Ministry of Health and, if it sends a unit, with the British Red Cross. We are anxious not to delay our help a day longer than is necessary, and therefore urge any of your readers who desire to give help in this effort to send it at once.—Yours, &c.,

A. RUTH FRAY, Hon. Secretary.

Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee,
91, Bishopsgate, E.C.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

SIR,—Your article on President Wilson may explain his "failure"; it cannot excuse his "betrayal." He has made himself a party to a suggested "Treaty" which violates every single principle he has laid down as of vital import for the future of humanity. His doing so is a shameful betrayal of a cause he must have felt to be sacred, unless all his speeches and manifestoes were mere cant, hypocrisy, and humbug. He has let the world down for his damnable American politics. Mr. Bullitt's terrible letter is a foretaste of his punishment.—Yours, &c.,

F. S. ARNOLD.

Berkhamsted. May 31st, 1919.

Poetry.

TO A LAMP IN WAPPING.

BECAUSE you're not a bleak official sphinx
Set on a stiff black stalk, but flowerlike spring
From night-grey stone, a curious orchid thing—
Your flame in ruffian humor blows and blinks;
A relic from that older London gleams
With haunted water, starlight, ooze, and wreck;
A faun-like visage on a crooked neck
Is yours—and a mad multitude of dreams!
Oh, druid wisdom with the joy of Puck,
Drink with us to Adventure! Give us luck!

JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Church and the Ministry." By Dr. Gore. New Edition revised by C. H. Turner, M.A. (Longmans. 18s.)

✓ "Problems of National Education." By Twelve Scottish Educationists. Edited by John Clarke. (Macmillan. 12s.)

"Voltaire in His Letters." By S. G. Tallentyre. (John Murray. 12s.)

"Blind Alley." A Novel. By W. L. George. (Fisher Unwin. 9s.)

* * *

LAWYERS' "shop" is admittedly the best of all sorts of technical talk. That is in part merely because it is intelligible. When analytical chemists or electrical engineers sit in council, the vulgar are compelled to assume distrustfully that they are as wise as they seem. But the talk of military men or journalists, though intelligible, is usually mere gossip, too limited or personal for general interest. The sailor is too far removed in fact and in spirit from the landsman for perfect sympathy and understanding, and parsons' "shop" is a desolating thing to the layman. One would think that in universality and intimacy of interest, the doctor's calling should provide him with material which would make him a formidable competitor to the lawyer: but in fact it does not. Perhaps it is too intimate; the man who listens, fascinated, to the grim march of a murder trial, falls violently sick at the sight of a minor operation. Again, the doctor has never quite shaken off the arts and crafts of the medicine man, his predecessor. He will not tell you the heart of his mystery, pleading the inviolability of professional confidence. Yet the lawyer might, if he liked, plead that with scarcely less force. Whatever the cause, the average doctor is usually a most incompetent story-teller; while it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that if a lawyer is not a good story-teller, he is not a good lawyer. Story-telling is his trade.

* * *

BUT it is not purely a matter of skill. Consider the story of the late Mr. Oswald told by Mr. J. A. Strahan in "The Bench and Bar of England" (Blackwood)—picked out at random from the flood of Professor Strahan's reminiscences:

"I remember listening to him in an appeal where the Court was obviously against him. If he stated the argument in favor of his client once, he stated it in different forms half a dozen times. The judges—and especially Lord Esher—showed openly their weariness; but Oswald went on without pause and without pity. At last he raised a new point. One of the Lords Justices protested. 'Now, Mr. Oswald,' he said, 'you know you said nothing about this in the Court below.' 'No, my lord,' answered Oswald, 'but that was because before I reached it the judge stopped me.' 'Stopped you?' exclaimed Lord Esher in tones of amazed incredulity. Then after a moment's reflection his lordship leant over the bench and asked Oswald in a confidential stage whisper, 'Tell me, how did he do it?' Oswald was for a moment taken aback. Quickly pulling himself together, he answered bitterly 'By leading me to believe, my lord, that he was with me.'"

This is competently told. You can see the whole scene—the stuffy court, the weary, bored judges, the droning counsel. But the virtue of the story is in the matter—the play of emotions which it illustrates and into which almost anybody can enter. The craftsmanship is, as it should be, subsidiary. The interest of such tales is one more slight illustration of the error into which those fall who suppose that character is best revealed under great strain or peril. That is not so. The war has been a great disappointment to the psychologists as to others. It is not "the vision of sudden death" which ordinarily reveals men's characters best; what character they do then reveal will probably be abnormal and assumed; the loss of a penny will generally provide a far truer test; and one great advantage which the lawyer enjoys over most other men is that he is forced

in the course of his business to see men so often and so constantly subjected to these smaller tests. The doctor and the parson see them dying; he sees them living.

* * *

YET there are pitfalls even in his path. He may so easily fall to prattling merely. His very virtues—his clearness of speech, his epigrammatic precision—may become a snare. To say a thing well is not a sufficient defence for saying it if it be not worth saying at all. Both the prattle and the glitter could be illustrated from Professor Strahan's book. Most of his stories are very good and only an allowable proportion of them are very old (in the sense of being very familiar). But they tumble over one another in a breathless, eager manner, as though the writer feared that someone might interrupt him, or as though he had made a bet to tell not less than two stories on every page.

* * *

THAT, however, is a very light complaint against a most amusing and entertaining book—so amusing and so entertaining that it seems almost a shame to draw attention to the one serious blot in it. We do so with no desire at all to emphasize it unduly, but merely because it is so very instructive. Professor Strahan makes severe and entirely just comment upon the judicial buffoon—both the modern perverter of justice in this kind, altogether lighter than vanity itself, and his grimmer predecessor like Lord Norbury, who is reported to have told a man whom he sentenced to death for watch stealing, that he had "grasped at time and caught eternity." In another place he tells the very honorable story of his own exit from criminal practice. He had been called upon to prosecute an old man over seventy, with a paralyzed daughter, for stealing sixpence; and a ferocious judge sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude. "I felt particeps criminis," writes Professor Strahan, "and slunk out of court wondering why some decent person did not kick me and swearing inwardly that that place would never see me more, and it never did." Yet only ten pages before that on which this scene is recorded, there is a passage on the *peine forte et dure*—the practice of pressing prisoners who refused to plead in a wooden frame till they consented to do so or died. And the passage is as follows:

"This was found to expedite matters greatly. Indeed, in 1638, in the case of a Major Strangeways, the expedition was excessive: the man died in ten minutes. However, the proceedings here were somewhat irregular, since not content with piling weights on him—which was the strict legal way—the spectators themselves jumped upon the pressing frame. I suppose they were local attorneys who were afraid that if the criminal business was not hurried up their causes might have to stand over to the next assizes."

The worst judicial humorist has not often said anything worse than that.

* * *

It is doubtful whether you would get the spiritual contradiction which stares out at you from those two passages from a member of any other profession. At least it would not be so explicit, so naked. Yet there is no ground for supposing that lawyers are either better or worse than their fellows. The fact seems simply to be that legal training and legal practice develop in a hard positive manner the elementary forces which frame all our characters. We are all by turns kindly and callous, honorable and ignoble, reasonable and imbecile. But in the little clearly lighted world of the law high honor and low cynicism, rough justice and smooth sophistry, warm kindness and cold ferocity, walk about together naked, and nobody is really ashamed of any of them, nor much attempts to hide them from eyes whose whole business is to analyze such things. And that, perhaps, is the real secret of the fascination of the lawyer's tale for the outside world. Under all its artificialities and make-believe is human nature examined as it were under a microscope without malice and without favor. The result may not be entirely flattering nor entirely edifying; but it is passionately interesting; and equally interesting, from their very different angles, to peer and to peasant.

S. H.

Reviews.

A BAD POET AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Edward Jerningham and His Friends: A Book of Eighteenth Century Letters." Edited by LEWIS BETTANY. (Chatto. 25s. net.)

EDWARD JERNINGHAM was a bad poet. One says so boldly without having read him. True, one does not speak entirely without evidence. Mr. Bettany's volume contains a few quotations which confirm one's worst fears. There are the last two verses, for instance, of a "poetical letter" written to condole with Lord Chesterfield on his deafness:—

"Though deafness by a doom severe
Steals from thy ear the murmuring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air,
E'en deem this but a bestial ill.

"Ah! If anew thy ear was strung,
Awake to every voice around,
Thy praises by the many sung
Would stun thee with the choral sound."

If this is not evidence enough upon which to hang a man, we may turn to the American couplet quoted from a poem called "Enthusiasm," which was published in 1789:—

"Marvellous infant! doomed to act my plan,
Americanus hasten into man."

The guilt of the writer is established. Nothing remains but to pass sentence. Posterity, however, has anticipated us in that. It has already sentenced Jerningham to oblivion.

If he is thought worthy of a book to-day, it is not because he was a poet, but because he enjoyed the acquaintance of a number of people more interesting than himself. Horace Walpole accepted the dedication of a poem with the intriguing title, "The Swedish Curate," and, at the age of seventy-six, attended the first performance of Jerningham's tragedy, "The Siege of Berwick." Edmund Burke, again, wrote to congratulate him on his "fine poem," "The Shakespeare Gallery." He also wrote to thank him for his "fine poem," "Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," an attack on the French Revolution ironically dedicated to Charles James Fox. Burke writes of himself as "your weak fellow-laborer in the same cause." Of the other men and women who flattered Jerningham, none was so distinguished as these. One of them was Norton Nicholls, the parson who shocked Boswell by his irreverence. He reveals no bump of irreverence in his comments on Jerningham's epic, "The Rise and Progress of Scandinavian Poetry"—what a title for a poem! "The power of poetry," writes Nicholls, "certainly was never better expressed than in that verse:—

'Disturb, exalt, enchant, the human soul!'

Alas! for all these praises, Jerningham does not survive even in the anthologies. He scarcely survives as a name in an encyclopædia.

Jerningham, though he was able to draw compliments from his correspondents, was able to draw little more. There is little intimacy in the letters. One lady writes to him in this strain: "The country is certainly charming at this season. Ten thousand sweet smells vie with each other to please the senses of those whose minds are calm enough not to be frightened at solitude and reflection. The hay-makers, the laborer at his plough, his faithful dog, the bee-hives, and even the fowls, furnish matter of contemplation and pleasure to a speculative mind." Another lady of a livelier disposition goes so far on one occasion as to address him as "My dear Jerningham," much to Mr. Bettany's horror. Mr. Bettany contends that a woman who addresses a man in this way "is committing a solecism which no degree of intimacy can justify." A third lady, Lady Beauchamp Proctor, writes with a certain amount of character when she reproaches Jerningham with wishing to make love to her. "I am quite proud," she says, "to merit the appellation of 'the warm statue.'" She was a married lady who seems to have enjoyed flirtation provided it was called friendship. She ends one letter to Jerningham: "I must mention before I quit my paper that I have this day commemorated the death of our blessed Savior, a circumstance that will, I believe, afford you the same satisfaction as it has done me." The Countess of Jersey was also among Jerningham's women correspondents. Her letters to Jerningham have historical importance of a minor kind as they establish, according to Mr. Bettany,

for the first time beyond question, the fact of her liaison with the Prince of Wales. She waxes eloquent in her praises of the future George IV. "He is in great beauty, spirits, and pour aimable il est toujours like himself; and not like anybody else," she writes to Jerningham from Bognor. In some ways, the most interesting woman among Jerningham's friends is the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress. The daughter of General Conway and second cousin of Horace Walpole, she "made her way to Paris during 'The Hundred Days,' and carried out her cherished intention of presenting the Emperor with her bust of Charles James Fox, receiving from him in return a snuff-box studded with diamonds and adorned with his portrait, which she bequeathed to the British Museum." Mr. Bettany is exceedingly severe on the lady. "For sheer humorless fanaticism," he declares, "this pilgrimage of Mrs. Damer's is hard to beat; I can think of no parallel to it, save William Cobbett's importation into England a few years later of the bones of his old enemy, Tom Paine." We should have thought that at least 50 per cent. of "hero-worship" was as humorless as this, though hardly as daring. We treat such eccentrics too seriously nowadays. After all, Mrs. Damer's escapade did nobody any harm. And it makes people smile a hundred years later. Let us be tolerant of our benefactors.

We confess, however, that the letters that have given us the greatest pleasure in Mr. Bettany's book are neither those that come from famous men nor those that come from women, but are those of the Rev. W. J. Temple, author of the "Essay on the Clergy: their Studies, Recreations, Decline of Influence, &c., &c." Temple, as the literary know, was the disgruntled clergyman to whom Boswell wrote the most vivacious of his letters, confessing his sins of liquor and amorousness in a way that must have caused his pious friend to groan. These remarkable letters were discovered a little more than half-a-century ago. An Englishman, who was buying something in a shop at Boulogne, found his purchase wrapped in a manuscript letter bearing the signature of Boswell, and was thus put on the track of a waste-paper-seller into whose hands the correspondence had fallen. Luckily, little of it had been sold to the shopkeepers. The letters have been more than once printed. The last edition appeared eleven years ago, but so little was the public interested that a part of it had to be remastered, and one can now buy the book new at half the published price. Mr. Seccombe, in his introduction, raises the hope that Temple's letters to Boswell may some day be recovered. The letters to Jerningham do not suggest that as a correspondent Temple deserves immortality; but they reveal the character of the man, and his comments on Dr. Johnson are so inept that they are delightful to read. "So Dr. Johnson is at last gone!" he writes to Jerningham. "Perhaps his reputation exceeded his merit, and will not gain by time. His learning was not extensive, and his observation confined to common life and manners. I fear my friend Boswell will make him a divinity, and disgust those who are well enough inclined to allow him the praise he deserves." On the appearance of Boswell's "Tour in the Hebrides" Temple returns to the subject of Johnson's fame. "It is wonderful," he says, "that so much should be written about a man who cannot be said to have invented anything, and all of whose writings turn upon popular and common subjects. The noise that was and is made concerning him may be imputed in great measure to the singularity of his figure and manner rather than to any transcendent merit." Genius evidently bewildered the poor parson. Apart from missing the fact that Johnson was a man of genius, however, his remarks are true enough. Temple, fortunately, was not the only purblind parson among Jerningham's friends. There was also the Rev. Robert Potter, translator of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. On the appearance of Boswell's "Johnson," the Rev. Robert Potter wrote: "In a former publication this fellow was a playful puppy, and diverted us with his tricks; he is now grown a great dog, and what is worse, a dull dog." Potter himself is lively enough in his letters. That he was scarcely a model of piety may be gathered from the letter in which he appeals to Jerningham: "Pray to the Lord for me, any Lord that has interest enough at Court to deliver me from the Devil; for society is the Devil." Temple never condescended to such cheap irreverence as that. Boswell's uncle thought him "a kind of Parson Adams," but one does not get that impression of him either in these letters. He

was a man depressed and disappointed—not without envy, one fancies, of his more successful contemporaries. On Boswell's death he wrote in defence of his character in "The Gentleman's Magazine." But, years before that, he had entered in his private diary: "Boswell. Irregular in conduct and manners; selfish, indelicate, thoughtless; no sensibility or feeling for others, who have not his [own] coarse and rustick strength and spirits." One of the oddest of Temple's letters is that in which he requests Jerningham to compose an elegy on his dead son. "Some months ago," he writes, "I troubled you with a request from my wife on a very melancholy occasion to us, the loss of our eldest son, a very promising youth, at eighteen. She consoled herself with the hope that your pathetic muse would not have grudged her a few never-fading flowers to strew over the tomb of one she justly held so dear, and whose youth and beauty and parts were not unworthy of the elegiac strain." We fancy the never-fading flowers never blossomed. We can hardly blame Jerningham. To refuse such a request is difficult. To comply with it is more so.

As for Jerningham's own letters—of which a few are given—there is nothing in them. Mr. Bettany interests us in him; but that is because Mr. Bettany is a scholar who has given the letters a setting of entertaining biography. The only contemporary portrait of Jerningham, he tells us, comes from the pen of Fanny Burney. "He seems a mighty delicate gentleman," she writes; "looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech and dress." In another entry in her diary she says that "Mr. Jerningham (whom Lord Mulgrave calls a pink-and-white poet; for not only his cheeks but his coat is pink) is a man of affected delicacy." As a poet, he was sneered at by Gifford in "The Baviad" as "snivelling Jerningham," who wept, at the age of fifty, "over love-lorn men and deserted sheep." Mathias in "The Pursuits of Literature" also mocked him as "sillier than his sheep." Jerningham seems none the less to have won plenty of admiration and liking both as a poet and as a man. Our chief quarrel with him at this distance is that he did not contrive to get people to write him good letters. Much the most interesting things in this book are contained in Mr. Bettany's notes and comments, wherein he embeds a great number of pleasant anecdotes and quotations from such masters of gossip as Horace Walpole. Some of the genealogical notes will be of interest only to antiquarians. Mr. Bettany has performed his duties almost too thoroughly in the matter of pedigrees. We congratulate Jerningham on having found Mr. Bettany, however, rather than Mr. Bettany on having found Jerningham. Mediocre though the letters are, Mr. Bettany has annotated them with a great number of interesting eighteenth-century personalia. Those who have a special taste for the eighteenth century and its large and little figures will be grateful to him for the scholarly care with which he has edited this book.

A PIONEER.

"Life of Augustin Daly." By JOSEPH FRANCIS DALY. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

Six hundred and sixty pages leave plenty of room for the commemoration of a remarkable theatre manager. He died worn out, in 1899, at the age of sixty-one, after many vicissitudes which had never altered his devotion to a few sound principles. The public is more than the play, the play is more than the company, the company more than the actor; and the theatre will not flourish until the relations of manager and player are closer than the mere cash nexus can make them. He repeated these precepts often, but he carried them into practice too, and in his one critical work, a vindication of Peg Woffington, "large-hearted and clear-headed Woffington," he set down in the plain, excellent prose which distinguished his letters what he expected and sometimes received from his company in return:

"Always faithful to the management of the theatre in which she was engaged; consulting the interests of the public rather than listening to the promptings of vanity or to the injudicious flattery of friends. Never would she disappoint an audience or abet an insurrection against the orderly administration of the theatre. I find her in London, and in Dublin also, when at the very apex of public admiration, surrendering leading parts in plays to lesser performers and accepting seconds."

He had in mind, we cannot doubt, the actress who made his company famous through half the world, Miss Ada Rehan. Tall, beautiful, and intelligent, with a "velvet voice," she was introduced to him in 1879, and was with him at his death twenty years later. They correspond about her salary, and she comes down to thirty-five dollars a week for the sake of playing under his management, assuring him that "I have a very handsome and abundant wardrobe, and am constantly adding to it." It is delightful, while it is tantalizing, to press one's nose into the posy of praises that was put together for her, to re-create the fragrance of her triumphs. "Entirely new to the English stage"—said the "Chronicle" cautiously on her first visit in 1884—"decidedly captivating, and yet curious and puzzling. She follows no conventional method of elocution, is delightfully droll, and takes her audience captive from the first scene; if she is a clever sketcher of American manners, she presents an oddity in coquettes that is fresh and acceptable as a study of transatlantic society." Paris acclaimed her Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew," by comparison with all the others who had played the part:

"Let us stop here, at this one. Even from our point of view the superior qualities of Miss Ada Rehan can be recognized. Her stature and singular beauty present the image of a Scandinavian divinity of the Valhalla. Nothing can be more singular than the panther-like cries that provoke the first attack of Petruccio and the noble and penetrating diction of Katharine's final submission."

Coquelin paid her the superb compliment of wishing to act with her:

"Recall me to the kind memory of Mrs. Rehan. . . I'd like to play a nice scene with her. She is as talented as she is charming."

Her Rosalind pleased both Irving and Sir Theodore Martin, and elicited from Miss Ellen Terry a letter (reproduced here with a vivid sketch) of generous and fascinating spirit:

"I suppose you'll be flying off directly you have finished at the Lyceum, and if so I shan't see you, and I haven't seen your Rosalind—only one act of it at least, which was lovely enough, all except a 'red feather' which I want you to wear as the only possible improvement which I might suggest!! 'Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said,' you may say, but you won't, and will wear the feather for my sake. It's one of the straight, long, scarlet feathers that H. I. wore in 'Mephistopheles,' and it would, I think, give vim to your cap."

Miss Rehan's acting was the most important event in Daly's life, but his energy flowed in a hundred channels. In his early days he played Julius Caesar and the Porter in "Macbeth," projected a dramatic solution of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and sketched some brilliant outlines in familiar letters of places on the Mississippi reminiscent of Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden:

"I did not write to you while in Cairo. . . It is without exception the filthiest hole in existence. It is the end of the world. The tail of creation. The finis of the sphere. The dirt-box of this globe. It is built on a morass with a high embankment in front of it on the river side to save it from being wiped away from the map in an overflow. This, however, does not save it from being constantly inundated, as the 'body' of the town is far below the water, with wooden bridges for foot passengers, and only on three or four can horses travel. Pigs, cows, hens, and horses run loose in the alleys and lanes. Every thoroughfare is a garbage box."

In Memphis he encounters a spirit worthy of Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick:

"The immoralities of the town make up for the sainted character of the boat and its passengers. Such wild devils, such drinkers, such smokers, chewers, such gamblers and uproarious fellows generally I never saw. . . I am on the warpath to conquer or die. The newspapers received me very kindly. There is a sample (clipping): *Memphis Bulletin*. By James B. Bingham. Largest City circulation. Largest circulation of any paper in West Tennessee. The circulation of the *Daily Bulletin* is double that of all the City press combined. Personal.—We had the pleasure yesterday of taking by the hand Augustin Daly, Esqr., the talented literary and dramatic editor of the 'New York Daily Express' and 'Sunday Courier,' who is on a brief visit of business to our City. Mr. Daly's character embraces all the qualities of a scholar and gentleman. We extend to him the freedom of our sanctum."

London was less exuberant when he paid his first visit in the seventies. He did the round of the theatres and the halls, mused in the Temple Gardens, thought of Dickens and Shakespeare at Rochester and Gadshill, ate and could not digest maids of honour at Richmond, and searched in vain for

CHARLES DICKENS-PELMANIST

BY BRANSBY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES DICKENS was a wonderful natural Pelmanist. He was a natural observer. He was also able to write down what he observed and make you see it as he saw it—a wonderful gift! Also he was methodical and thorough. He always advised young beginners to observe, using their judgment and being thorough.

Pelmanism will cultivate mental efficiency—Observation—Concentration, and the absorption and retention of general knowledge and the ability to use it to the best advantage.

There are many young people who are gifted with Common Sense, they often get on in life much better than those who have had the benefit of a University Education. Any such person with that gift of common sense, devoting half an hour a day to the study of Pelmanism, may reap wonderful rewards, because they would *develop* their gift.

Now that I have had the opportunity of seeing this system at work I come to one conclusion—that Pelmanism should be added to our Educational System, in order to correct the many errors, and ye gods! there are many in the present day system that need much reform and improvement.

I feel that Pelmanism and Patriotism go together hand in hand, or should do.

Every M.P. (Member of Parliament) should be an M.P. (Member of Pelmanism). They should be of well-trained mind and good Observers, Listeners, and Speakers. What do we want most to-day? Great men who can organize and assist in the Reconstruction of this great and glorious Empire!

We lack great personalities—Men with driving power and powers of Organizing.

To those who feel they have a gift or ambition—help it on. It is “never too late to mend.” My advice is start, Pelmanize and Pulverize the many things that have seemed difficulties, clogging the clear working of the mind.

If you do start and do not concentrate *don't* condemn Pelmanism—do it thoroughly—Persevere. Develop your mind and personality—you will gain the confidence of knowledge when you realize that at last you are *Efficient*.

For many years I have been in the habit of giving to various schools prizes of Dickens Books. I now feel more inclined to offer some of the senior students a different prize, viz., a full course of Pelmanism. It would be a gift to appreciate in after years—but it would be useless if placed among the many useless gifts, dusty on the shelves of Forgetfulness.

I have been so much impressed with the results—good results that are known. It must be a great satisfaction to the workers of the Institute to see the good results and letters of gratitude from the diligent and successful students who have completed their course of Pelmanism. Many of them explain how dull and drab their lives and minds were before they started, and now they seem to have come out of that tunnel of lassitude with a blaze of light—Knowledge!

All I can say is, if you intend to become a student, Do it now! Write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

TOO MUCH WISHBONE.

BY HORACE BARNES.

“Too much *wishbone*, and not enough *backbone*!” that, said “Old Gorgon Graham,” in “The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,” is the reason for most of life's failures—most of the instances of unhappiness and discontent which cross our paths almost every day.

“Old Gorgon Graham” is a celebrated character in the fiction of the day. Most readers regard him as a creation of fiction—merely an imaginary character. Even at that estimate, they revel in the force of his personality, hold more or less in esteem his self-built fortune of millions, and in any case benefit by his homilies on success in the material sense.

A few of the initiated remember that they have read somewhere that “Old Gorgon Graham” is a study from life—and that the original character was the late P. D. Armour, driving force of the vast machinery which made “The Beef Trust” possible, put the “Bully” into “Beef,” and the “Stock” into “stockyards.”

Still fewer readers of the books about this forceful personality have heard that the author of them, George Horace Lorimer, himself worked in the “packing” business in Chicago, rose to commercial eminence, and then left it all to start afresh at his chosen ambition—authorship and editing—and has for years been the world-famous editor of America's most famous weekly magazine.

Whether Mr. Lorimer—now the possessor of great wealth in addition to the satisfaction of international fame—is a Pelmanist or not, we cannot say. Certain it is that his principles and practice are an epitome of Pelmanism. To develop “backbone” instead of “wishbone”—that is the fundamental principle of Pelmanism. To have a fixed aim; to make all thoughts and actions converge and concentrate upon the accomplishment of that fixed aim: that is Pelmanism. To train the mind, and the body as well, so that the fixed aim is certain of attainment, that is Pelmanism. To perfect this training in a way that is a pleasure—almost a pastime—instead of a painful plodding; that is Pelmanism.

To train the eye so that it sees, the ear so that it hears, the mind so that it perceives, the perception so that it grasps, and the memory so that it retains—that is Pelmanism. To exclude the extraneous, apply the pertinent, ignore the unessential and recognize the realities of self and situation—that is Pelmanism.

That Pelmanism IS all these things, the records of Pelman students prove.

The testimony of many of them is contained in “Mind and Memory,” the 32-page book of *facts* about Pelmanism which can be had, free, by return of post by any reader of this journal.

Perhaps you wish for something—be it wider scope in life, surer personal happiness, more individual direction, and less drift—even material advancement. Whatever your wish may be, think it over for a moment. If you *have* no wish—“make a wish” as children say in the heyday of youth and happiness. Then, when you have either instantly expressed the wish which has been in your heart for years, or when you have thought out that new wish which would change life for you—*then* remember the definite distinction between the “wishbone” and “backbone.” And grasp this simple instance: the first of the vertebrae in the backbone of fulfilment is to send for “Mind and Memory.” Write for it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

whitebait at Greenwich. Supper with Irving, a glimpse of Disraeli in Downing Street, "bent, yellow and weak," are recorded with the same lively sense as his disgust at the orgies of the mob on Lord Mayor's Night in streets "brilliantly illuminated with all sorts of designs in gas work," amazement at "the sauciness and independence of the cabmen here on the least show of bad weather, of fog, or at night," mystification at the silence and secrecy of our shuttered Christmas festivities, and prostration beneath the heavy boredom of our English Sundays:

"The deserted streets, the shut shops, the awful quiet which reigns over everything and everybody on the 'Holy Sabbath,' have smothered in me whatever hilarity may have lurked in my bosom. If these two Sundays in London are samples of all the others, I shall hereafter depart out of this blessed town every Saturday night and devote myself to sight-seeing in the suburbs till Monday comes to revigorate the town. It is a fact that everything here is funereal from midnight Saturday till six p.m. Sunday—when the restaurants open, the taverns throw wide their doors, lights are lit, the crowd emerges from its hiding places, and life begins again."

It may be left to specialists in theatrical history to discuss the paradox by which Daly, who preferred Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" to the abbreviations which had long held the stage, who made "The School for Scandal" popular, and the older English comedy acceptable, was also among the first to whet the public appetite for such products as "The Geisha" and "The Circus Girl." Courage will be wanted to pursue the necessary research through long lists of the unfamiliar casts in perishable plays, the particulars of his holidays, his quarrels, his library (he was a hardened Grangeriser), and the other elements of the solid mass of detail which his brother piously heaped together to form this memorial biography. Most readers should open the book where Daly's own letters turn a compilation into a composition; playgoers will hope that time will bring them the chance of seeing "Mr. Hardy's own dramatization of his 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,'" which came into Daly's hands, and Henry James's "Mrs. Jasper," for which the author prepared a list of more than fifty alternative titles.

ANOTHER COMFORTER.

"The Undying Fire." A Contemporary Novel. By H. G. WELLS. (Cassell. 6s.)

THIS is the book of Job in twentieth century setting, with the essential problem unchanged by the accumulated knowledge of three thousand years. Mr. Wells even endeavors to provide a repetition of the arguments and characters of the original "novel": the nagging wife, the three comfortless comforters, the interpellation of Elihu, the reply of God to his impeachment by the spirit of man. But the plot and dialogue are no more peculiar to the sceptic of Nineveh than to the sceptic of Norfolk. It is as old as the hills, and as simple and inscrutable: the reality which lies at the background of all man's feverish activities, which man, in his feverish activities, would fain forget. Misfortune—unexpected, paralyzing, seemingly undeserved—falls out of the blue sky upon one of the family of mankind. This misfortune is of so overwhelming a character that the temptation is strong to "curse God and die." The protagonist refuses to curse God and die. He is driven back by his pain and misery into consideration of all sentient pain and misery. He is driven by the senseless stupidity of his suffering to consider the senseless stupidity of all suffering. At the awful hour of disgrace and imminent death, with—more bitter than death—the knowledge that his life-work is about to be destroyed, he defies alike despair, acceptance, and the "opium" of all false anodynes. He cleaves his way through mist and brambles to a faith partly based on reason, partly on a kind of mystical apprehension of the "undying fire" in man. He is answered by God—in a vision out of the whirlwind—and that answer, though irrational, is a vindication. And the argument ends—in the West as in the East—with prosperity restored.

Job Huss has built up a school which is both good in itself and a living example to others of how good can be attained. Into this school he has thrown all the energy and sacrifice of a lifetime. Fever falls on it and kills two of his

boys. A fire on the last day of term kills two others. At the same time all his fortune disappears with a defaulting solicitor. His only son is reported dead in the war. He is stricken down with a growth diagnosed as cancer. His three "friends" arrive on the day of his operation, to break the news to him that he is expected to resign, and that the school is to be entrusted to one of them, an under-master, who teaches science as technical chemistry, rather than as a subject of liberal education. They tell him that his work is a failure, and at first the conversation is concerned with the familiar lines of Mr. Wells's impeachment of contemporary educational ideas. But it speedily passes to impeachment of contemporary religious ideas. Against the acceptance of reason directing the world, Mr. Wells, through the mouth of his spokesman, exhibits the gigantic irrationality of the evolutionary process, leading nowhither but to an ultimate frozen universe. Against the acceptance of goodness directing the world, he exhibits the gigantic misery of the evolutionary process, the agony and bloody sweat which lie behind even the seeming outward serenity of all visible and beautiful things. He tosses angrily aside the age-long arguments—that he has brought his misery upon himself, that the Natural World exhibits Order, Beneficence and Design, that another life will compensate for the sufferings of this one, and reveal the goodness and intelligence of it all. He will have nothing to do with the so-called "penetration of the barrier," and the grotesque reports of a grotesque existence beyond, as "revealed" by the investigations of a Conan Doyle or an Oliver Lodge. Moreover, the desire for the only absolutely good thing that immortality might bring—the restoration of loved to lover—is for him, as for so many throughout the centuries—inseparably bound up with the body. He has no use for a reunion of disembodied shades in the vasty halls of death: and in his rejection of light or hope in such a shadow world he is back again with the author of the Book of Job. The only immortality he can see worth having is the "resurrection of the flesh": and that he finds a thing incredible. "Dearly and bitterly did I love my son, and what is it that my heart most craves for now? His virtues? No! His ambitions? . . . No! none of these things. . . . But for a certain queer flush among his freckles, for a kind of high crack in his voice . . . a certain absurd hopefulness in his talk . . . the sound of his footsteps, a little halt there was in the rhythm of them." "There is no personality in hope and honor and righteousness and truth," he declares in an echo of the philosopher of "Rasselas." "My son has gone. He has gone for evermore. The pain may someday go." Man the Universal, not the individual, alone lives: "a tragic rebel in this same world and in no other."

Doctor Elihu Barrack, accepting all his destructive criticism, urges him to surrender and contentment. The world Process goes on, irrational, cruel Man must adjust himself to the world Process, find out its rules, conform to or dodge those rules to attain happiness and avoid pain in his bleak and difficult days. It is the old argument of conformity, addressed now not to the iron, irrational, or capricious will of God, but to the iron, irrational, or capricious Process of a meaningless Universe. But Mr. Wells refuses to accept this acquiescence as fiercely as he refuses false theories and remedies. He repeats in passionate and poetic form the impeachment and defence of "natural evolution" by the spirit of man in Huxley's famous Romanes lecture. In the strength of that "Undying Fire" which is in man, which is indeed God working in Man, he will not only condemn that Process in thought. He will work to overthrow it in action. He will work to bend and conquer and subdue it by man's (or God's) unconquerable mind. In the fiery resolution of that mind Ignorance shall be destroyed by Knowledge, Fear by Courage, forecast of inevitable death in a dying universe by resolve that the God in man shall be enlarged and that God shall live for ever. The Blind, Brutal gods of Chance and Necessity shall be overthrown. The Son of Man, in the consummation of all things, shall be set upon the throne of his Father.

"This spirit that comes into life—it is more like a person than a thing, and so I call it He. And He is not a feature, nor an aspect of things, but a selection among things. . . . He seizes upon and brings out and confirms all that is generous in the natural impulses of the mind. He condemns cruelty and all evil. . . . I will not pretend

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietors: 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



"The Interrupted Jazz"

Pity the Poor Capitalist.

By
H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WHEN I ask for pity for the poor capitalist I mean the small capitalist, the young capitalist, not the bloated type with multiple motor cars and mental dyspepsia.

Britain is faced with a very grave problem—Unemployment. The problem will not be solved by Bolshevism or by Bureaucracy.

Britain is also faced with a colossal National Debt. It will never be paid by taxing Enterprise.

The case stands thus:

The nation owes so many thousands of millions. This debt can only be paid by vastly increased production and enterprise. But it is useless for Bureaucrats and Rulers to shout, "Produce! Produce! Produce! Extend your businesses! Increase employment! And, above all, increase your productions!"—and then proceed to tax the producer out of existence.

The Excess Profit Tax in peace time is mad finance.

Take the case of the average intelligent young business man, the man who is of value to the nation.

He is desirous of extending his business, of increasing his productions, which means the employment of more workers and an increased payment to the State.

He estimates the cost of his extension at £10,000 from the wise expenditure of which, with infinite anxiety, and infinite toil, he expects to reap an addition to his income of say £1,000 a year—a really good return in normal times.

Assume his expectations are realised; here is his statement of affairs:—

To Increased Productions.	
Capital Risked	£10,000
Profit	1,000
Less Excess Profit Tax	400
Profit Left	600
Less Income Tax at, say 6/- in the £	180
Cash in Hand	420
Pre-war purchasing value of £420 =	£210
Result	Nothing Doing.

Who is going to risk £10,000 which may be lost for such a reward, especially with the knowledge that the bulk of the money made by his brains is going to be squandered in a wild orgy of governmental extravagance?

When the walls of England were plastered with the warning "It is unpatriotic to be extravagant in war-time," I remember how grieved I felt to know how unpatriotic the Government was.

Unemployment will continue until the "Tax on Enterprise" is removed and the Government itself begins to practise economy.

Pope and Bradley continue to be an asset to the State and to supply clothes at virtuous prices. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £12 12s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

H.M.-King Manuel of Portugal

writes:—"The Secretary to King Manuel of Portugal is instructed to convey to Messrs. J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd., His Majesty's thanks for the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes. His Majesty has tried them and found them very good."

Baroness Orosy writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are delicious, sweet and aromatic."

Bransby Williams, Esq., writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are the very best I know."

GOOD judges unite in praising "De Reszke" Cigarettes. It is for you to put their opinion to the test. Get a box of "De Reszke"—then you will know what perfection means.

"De Reszke"
The Aristocrat CIGARETTES
Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.



The Natural Foe to Gout, Rheumatism
Obesity, Constipation, and Dyspepsia, is

Chelspa

The Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water
In Bottles 1/6 each. From Chemists & Stores.

"The Sister of Literature-Tobacco"
Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Times"



The pipe with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff and speak and puff
again.
COWPER

PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS—

White Label.

Mild and Medium.

9½d.

10½d.

Per oz.

Per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

to explain what I cannot explain. It may be that God is as yet only foreshadowed in life. . . . To me it seems that the creative desire that burns in me is a thing different in its nature from the blind process of matter, is a force running contrariwise to the power of confusion. . . . But this I do know, that once it is lit in a man, then his mind is a light henceforth. It rules his conscience with compelling power. It summons him to live the residue of his days working and fighting for the unity and release and triumph of mankind. He may be mean still, and cowardly and vile still, but he will know himself for what he is. . . . Some ancient phrases live marvellously. Within my heart, *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

Here, then, in most attractive form is Mr. Wells's "Apologia" for his faith, allusions to which are scattered through half-a-dozen of his latest volumes and essays. No one, after reading this, could say that the writer does not face the realities. Indeed the negative arguments are recounted in sombre and powerful rhetoric. That faith is compounded in part of reason, in part from a defiant act of will, in part again from a mystical apprehension which gives to its assertion something of the warmth and color associated with the older creeds. It is interesting to note that the answer to Job Huss in this vision of God is exactly the opposite to that of God from the whirlwind to "this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge" in the Eastern parable. There the assertion is of man's ignorance and God's incomprehensible ways, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the Earth": how can you judge the Power that makes strange sea monsters to wallow unheeded on the ocean floor, and sets the wild ass free and makes his house in the wilderness, and causes the ostrich to forget that the wild beast will break her eggs, and sendeth rain on to the desert "where no man is?" But Mr. Wells's God reveals the delight and laughter of the world, the nobleness and effort in the struggle of man towards intelligence, the little lovely things of life which are still his conquest and treasure: the freshness of the summer morning: the embrace of the lover: joy in honor and a son clean and straight: the play of happy children: the "first mouthful of roast, red beef on the frosty day and the deep draught of good ale."

Criticism would not challenge Mr. Wells's sincerity, which is transparent, nor his logic, which is irrefutable. It might rather question his enormous faith in increase of knowledge as a remedy for the ills of humanity. "Salvation through teaching of history" is Mr. Job Huss's watchword: to which he adds philosophy and the biological sciences. But teach all men history and philosophy and the biological sciences (and heaven knows the need of such a reform is grave enough): you have no guarantee that such knowledge will ensure a high ethical standard or retrieve the vast failure that man has made of his world. Mr. Huss, after his recovery, finds health restored, his fortune repaid, his son alive again, his school returned to him. He sits down to day-dream still further the improvement of his school. He plans a school house with a map corridor to join the picture gallery and the concert hall with maps to show the growth and succession of Empire; and ethnological exhibits with displays of models of primitive and developing peoples. This view of a sublimated Imperial Institute to teach the history of men might sound almost ironical if Mr. Wells was not so deadly in earnest. Knowledge, though an end in itself, is not Conduct: and although a stimulus to the imagination, is not necessarily a guide to right action. Men are not made unselfish, modest, and sincere by the use of globes. Nor can any reason or any acquaintance with past or present affairs enchain "those giants—the passion and the pride of man." In part this is recognized by the letter at the conclusion, addressed to the schoolmaster by one of his old pupils from the war. "There are some of us here who feel almost as though they were your sons: if you don't and can't give us that sort of love, it doesn't alter the fact that there are men out here who think of you as they'd like to think of their fathers." "You've taught hundreds of us to stick it, and now you owe it to us to stick it yourself." "I have had dull boys, and intractable boys," says Mr. Huss, "but nearly all have gone into the world gentlemen, broad-minded, good-mannered, understanding and unselfish, masters of self." But these affections and determinations are not necessarily generated by teaching that mankind is "in one living story with the reindeer men and the Egyptian priests, with the

soldiers of Caesar and the alchemists of Spain." Mr. Wells is coming perilously near that "training of character," upon which he has poured such wrath in previous utterances. Ignorance is bad in itself and must be fought and conquered. But bad also are the deadly sins—anger, envy, sloth, avarice, pride, cruelty, concupiscence; and knowledge itself possesses no secret which can subdue these scourges which are responsible for most of the misery which can afflict mankind. Mr. Huss in his vision of the future sees Man shaking off the shackles which bind him to this planet, and voyaging from star to star. But such voyaging can carry with it but little tranquillity if he takes from one planet to another the lust and choler and greed which torment and render futile his little space of days. Will Mr. Wells's "Undying Fire" in man make for their destruction as much as for the mastery over matter, the removal of disease, the creation of a whole renovated nature which his hero sees in his prophetic vision? Mr. Wells—nothing if not definitely honest—has tried the solution in his pilgrimage through thought to his present religion. At one time it was to be accomplished by the overthrow of the old superstitions. At another by free libraries and the irrigation of the world with cheap literature. In "Mankind in the Making" a race of Samurai, ascetic, devoted, sinking self in the common good as did once the Jesuits, were to carry on the higher Government of humanity. In the "Passionate Friends" the ideal was to be promoted by a vast scheme of international publications, in which each nation of the world was to know all about the others. Now he has turned from the old to the young: from the stagnant present to a future still alive. "Education" is to form the key to open that door which has remained so stubbornly bolted. Let him continue in his search. All his record of it is stimulating, suggestive and sincere. It is a search in which he is engaged with all the best of his generation, in the effort to rebuild amid the ruins of a world. But not by knowledge alone shall that world be saved.

POETS OF WAR AND PEACE.

- ✓ "War." By RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Naked Warriors." By HERBERT READ. ("Art and Letters. 3s. net.)
 "The New Day." By SCUDDER MIDDLETON. (Macmillan. \$1.00 net.)
 "The Bengali Book of English Verse." Selected by T. D. DUNN. With a Foreword by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Coterie." A Quarterly. (The Bomb Shop. 4s. net.)

THERE have been many attempts to catch war in the poetic net, but they have hardly been as successful as was Vulcan. As with "love and war," so with poetry and war—the evil thing rolls over it, as it does flowers, children, hearts, beauty, and all worthy things. Nevertheless, Mr. Macfie has made a gallant attempt to harness the monster, and his way—the epical—is perhaps the best. It is, at any rate, far more successful than the impressionist and realistic method. He begins by a picture of the world in its primeval chaos and its slow evolution into some sort of order, security, and co-operation. Then comes the war, and the world topples backwards into a condition similar in its own terms to the geological anarchy, the monstrous shapes of its very instruments of death bearing a hideous resemblance to the atlantosaurs and iguanodons "that tare each other in their slime." This is a striking conception, and it is run through the mould in rough hammer-like metallic lines of considerable force and appropriateness. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Macfie should mar this strong and original enterprise by certain blemishes both of sentiment and language. The latter is needlessly archaic, obscure, and Doughty-esque.

"Upon the sweltry banks of Acheron
 Swither and sweal."

"glairy tears," "the bossy, shaggy moon," "blore of tempest," &c., do not really add to the impressiveness of

June



Features

BELGIUM UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION

By BRAND WHITLOCK, American Minister to Belgium.
In Two Vols. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 25s. net

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE TIMES" REVIEW.

"Many American diplomatists have lately published accounts of their experiences in the days when the country was still neutral. To Mr. Brand Whitlock we are more grateful than to any of the others, for he has given us literature as well as information. His book in that respect strikes a note of distinction not to be found in those of Mr. Gerard and Mr. Morgenthau, and he has an advantage over Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who also writes in the manner of a man of letters, in having a far more striking story to tell. His work will last not only as one of the documents of the war but as one of its classics."

Two Books about the Russian Revolution

SIX RED MONTHS IN RUSSIA.

By LOUISE BRYANT. Demy 8vo. 12s. net

THE RUSSIAN DIARY OF AN ENGLISHMAN

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 12s. net

THE SWORD OF DEBORAH

By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Illustrated. 3s. net

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC

By C. BRUNSDON FLETCHER. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 12s. net. Paper, 10s. 6d. net

A Sheaf of Fine Novels

JINNY THE CARRIER

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 588 pp. 7s. net

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. 7s. net

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. 7s. net

THE BONFIRE

By ANTHONY BRENDON. 7s. net

"Many of Mr. Heinemann's recent publications can be had at a reduced price in paper covers. This departure is intended to meet the demand for English books on the continent, where paper-bound books are preferred, and to bring them within the reach of home readers who find the present increase of prices prohibitive."

London: Wm. Heinemann, 20, 21, Bedford St., W.C.2

Messrs. LONGMANS' LIST

New and Thoroughly Revised Edition.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY.

By the Right Rev. CHARLES GORE, D.D., Bishop of Oxford. New Edition. Revised by the Rev. C. H. Turner. 8vo. 18s. net.

MADAM CONSTANTIA.

The Romance of a Prisoner of War in the American Revolution.

By JEFFERSON CARTER. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

There is a fine note of romance in 'Madam Constantia.' The story is so well told and the characters so cleverly drawn that the reader lingers with pleasure over the various scenes."—THE SCOTSMAN.

Fourth Impression.

LIFE OF FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS

By J. G. MILLAIS, F.Z.S. With 16 full page Illustrations. 8vo. 21s. net.

"Selous was happy in his life, fortunate in his death, and, let us add, he has been fortunate in his biographer."—THE SPECTATOR.

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON: A Memoir.

With some Account of her Husband. By the Right Hon GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. With Portraits. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"A worthy, full, and unimpeachably correct memorial of two interesting characters."—THE TIMES.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the year 1918. 8vo. 28s. net.

"The book is, in fact, the story of our life from year to year. As a work of reference it is indispensable to public men, and to all who have to deal with current events."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Fourth Edition Revised.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ELECTRIC WAVE TELEGRAPHY and TELEPHONY.

By J. A. FLEMING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.; University Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of London. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 42s. net.

FACTORY ADMINISTRATION AND ACCOUNTS.

A Book of Reference with Tables and Specimen Forms, for Managers, Engineers, and Accountants. By EDWARD T. ELBOURNE. With Contributions on Industrial Works Design by ANDREW HOME-MORTON, M.Inst.C.E., &c.; and Financial Accounts by JOHN MAUGH FLING. Royal 8vo. New Edition. 37s. 6d. net.

BOILER CHEMISTRY AND FEED WATER SUPPLIES.

By J. H. PAUL, B.Sc., F.I.C., Consulting and Analytical Chemist. With Diagrams. 8vo. 14s. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

39, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

the treatment, and "camouflaged in Tartarean glooms" is even rather ludicrous. An image, too, like this:—

"He watched the lightning's white stiletto flash
And stab and gash
The bosom of the darkness as a fiend
Might stab a swarthy woman lying dead,"

is totally false and extravagant. Mr. Macfie again sometimes swerves far from truth of meaning and significance. "But still the shoddy and sham of life are burned in the battle flames"—they thrive on it, like nettles on dung. "While still the ground is scourged by fiery rains, The cornflowers and the poppies burst in bud . . . in the ulcerous gashes of the shells." Well, they don't. War—God's "graving tool, His pruning knife, His punitory scourge!"—as usual, put it all on to God—it's all His fault: He made us worse than tigers and jackals, and must take the consequences. It is lucky that Mr. Macfie pulls himself together at the end, for he was in imminent danger of being received into the seventh Kipling heaven.

"War" is very patchy, unequal work and, worse still, is uncertain in its values. But it is a notable attempt and at times touches a fiery and lofty diction well mated to strength of thought.

"Naked Warriors" is not so good, in spite of its qualities of mind and temper. The reason is, we suspect, because Mr. Read has chosen the wrong method of representation—the method of Mr. Nichols in "The Guns." It is, in fact, the method of the big stick. "This is what war is—you fat little manikins in clubs, villas, and offices, with your maps, your dividends, your coupons, and your sewer newspapers":—

"A man of mine
Lies on the wire;
And he will rot,
And first his lips
The worms will eat."

This seems to be the subconscious mind of Mr. Read and his fellows. It shows honesty and a noble indignation, but it does not show poetry. For it is directed at a particular type, to fit a particular occasion or need. It is itself involved in the transitory impression of the objects of its rage. Such poetry is not positive imagination in itself, but a whip-lash to those without it.

Mr. Middleton is an American poet, and so (in acute contrast with the preceding poets) very careful about his forms, rhythms, and models. At first reading, the extreme artifice of his poems, their fluency and conventional phrasing, this lack of spontaneity and tenuity of inspiration are apt to make the reader impatient. Yet under its surface exists a little cosmos of delicate and refined feeling, melancholy, but with a certain beauty. "Interlude," for instance, is like an exquisite little vase of porcelain:—

"I am not old, but old enough
To know that you are very young.
It might be said I am the leaf,
And you the blossom newly sprung."

"So I shall grow a while with you,
And hear the bee and watch the cloud,
Before the dragon on the branch,
The caterpillar, weaves a shroud."

For Mr. Middleton says a good deal more than he shows, and the sense of the universal is there, if only in a butterfly. In a butterfly as much as in a precipice:—

"We dream the impossible dream—
We see behind the beauty of the star,
We hear behind the voice in the wind,
We feel beneath the kiss on our lips—
For us there shall be no rest."

We do not see why a Bengali poet should want to write English verse, any more than an English poet Bengali, and we are speedily confirmed after reading "The Bengali Book of English Verse." For the painful efforts of these poets to be like our dead minor poets are really too lamentably respectable for words. Here is one who gives us the Byronic touch; another is Tom Mooreish; a third writes Shenstone, while a fourth gives us Tennyson in his more domestic moments. Revolt, unrest in India?—a mirage! On the contrary, India, at any rate Bengal, is precisely that land of the bulbul, so fondly invoked by the popular Anglo-Indian novelist:—

"Adieu! 'Tis time for me to part,
While yet from bondage free,
While yet I may persuade my heart
To bid farewell to thee, dear love! to bid farewell to thee."

"Coterie," of which this is the first number—contains the work of about a dozen poets, few of whom are widely known. A reviewer complained that this very quiet and modest little volume did not flutter the doves. We really do not see why a noise and a splash should always be associated with a new venture. "Coterie" is, at it were, a pleasant room for a gathering of friends, and some of the subdued voices make good hearing for the people who pass outside. Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Trevelyan certainly lead the chorus, but it is worth leading, and there are some very promising voices in it. We wish all success to the second number.

The Week in the City.

THE announcement of a new loan, coupled with peace uncertainties and the continuance of war with Russia, account for the dulness of the Stock Markets. On Wednesday (Derby Day) many members of the Stock Exchange were absent. The chief features were a fall in Consols to 54½, and lower prices for French Fives and French Fours, which have sunk to 80 and 64 respectively. The French deficit looks a hopeless proposition, and the strikes indicate very serious unrest in Paris and other industrial centres. The French Exchange at 30 francs and the Italian lire at 37 lire to the £1 note also disclose an unsatisfactory state of things. Prices in France appear to have trebled during the war. In spite of Koltchak's defeat Russian bonds are fairly steady. Perhaps there is a little more hope of a peaceful arrangement with Russia, now that a British Mission has been despatched to Helsingfors. Reports from Canada and Mexico account for depression in those markets. The Oil Market is still in an excitable and dangerous condition. The London Money and Discount Markets exhibit an artificially large supply of money in comparison with the demand, and rates for short loans have been as low as 2½ per cent. On Wednesday the discount rates for all maturities from 3 to 6 months were only from 3¼ to 3½ per cent. Thursday's Bank Return showed another small reduction in Reserve.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE.

The annual report of this well-known Fire Insurance Company for the year 1918 shows that net premiums amounted to £1,602,962, and net losses, paid and outstanding, to £705,883. After charging agents' commission and all expenses of management, and adding £95,087 to reserve for unexpired risks in respect of the usual provision of 40 per cent. of premium income, the surplus of £238,149 is carried to profit and loss, from which account £200,000 is transferred to the fire additional reserve fund. The total fire funds are increased by £295,087 to £1,841,185. The accident account shows that net premiums amounted to £629,624, and net claims to £240,444. After setting aside 40 per cent. of the premium income as reserve for unexpired risks, providing for outstanding claims, and charging commission and all expenses of management, £112,311 is carried to profit and loss. The accident fund now amounts to £475,680. In the marine department net premiums amounted to £473,599, which, with the balance brought forward, makes £785,078. Claims in respect of 1918 and previous years, and profit commission were £277,787, and expenses of management, £16,838. Underwriting account for 1917 has been closed, and the ascertained profit of £46,582 is carried through profit and loss to marine additional reserve. The total of the marine fund is now £490,452. The balance at profit and loss amounts to £337,508, and the directors recommend a final dividend of 32s. per share, less income-tax, payable on 5th June, making 50s. per share, less income-tax, for the year. The assets of the society amount to £4,805,709.

J. LYONS & Co.'s PROFITS.

The report for the year ended March 31st last states that the company's total turnover for the period was a record in its history, but beyond this information the report is not illuminating. A few years ago we were given full figures of gross profits and expenses, and even when this information was dropped, net profits were shown before allowing for depreciation. The present report, however, only gives the amount available for distribution after payment of debenture interest and appropriation for depreciation. This figure amounts to £258,100, as compared with a corresponding figure a year ago of £174,300. This is not yet quite up to the pre-war standard when a 42½ per cent. dividend was paid. The ordinary dividend, however, is now raised from 25 to 35 per cent., and the balance forward is increased by nearly £40,000. No allocation is made to reserve account out of profits, but the reserve fund has been increased to £840,000, the balance of £240,000 at the credit of share premium account having been transferred.

LUCCELLUM.

three,"
contains
widely
t and
really
asso-
ere, a
of the
o pass
y lead
e very
second

uncer-
for the
y Day)
e chief
ces for
and 64
osition,
is and
frances
lose an
pear to
defeat
a little
ow that
Reports
those
dangerous
exhibit
ith the
2½ per
es from
ursday's
e.

surance
mounted
705,883.
manage-
risks in
premium
nd loss,
ditional
5,087 to
remiums
setting
for un-
charging
carried
475,680.
473,599,
785,078.
fit com-
£16,838.
e ascer-
loss to
d is now
£337,508,
er share,
r share,
amount

ates that
rd in its
is not
gures of
tion was
eciation.
available
d appro-
8,100, as
£174,300.
a 42½ per
ever, is
orward is
o reserve
increased
of share

LUM.